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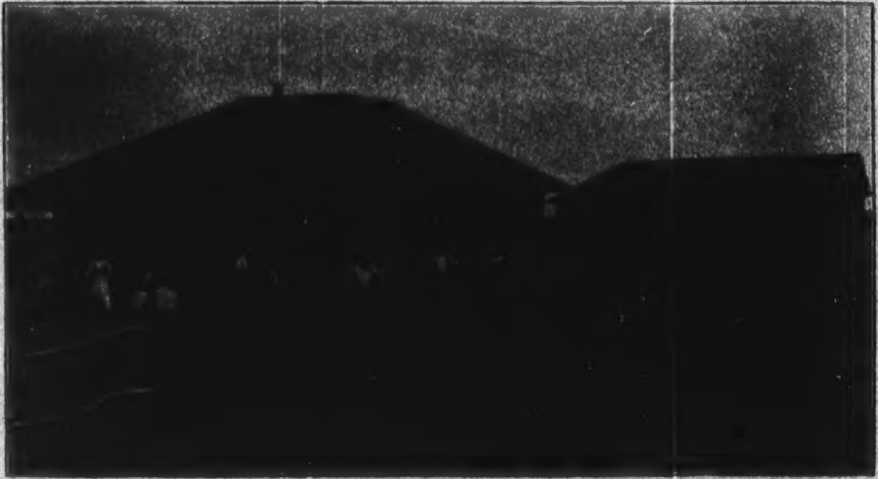

MISSION HOUSE AND CHAPEL AT SACATON, ARIZONA.

AMONG THE PIMAS

OR

THE MISSION TO THE PIMA AND MARICOPA INDIANS.

> "With their names
> No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
> And history so warm on meaner themes,
> Is cold on this."

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INTRODUCTION.

The object of the present volume is to show the providence of God in the fulfillment of his purpose to send the gospel to the friendly Indians living on the Gila river reservation in the territory of Arizona.

The condition of these Indians, with their deprivation of the privileges enjoyed by other inhabitants of our highly favored country, was brought to our knowledge through the officers of the U. S. Army in the year 1868.

These officers, General Frederick Townsend and Gen. A. J. Alexander being on military duty in Arizona, became acquainted with the Pima and Maricopa Indians, and when, a few years later an association of ladies in the state of New York was found to promote mission work in our country, an appeal was made to them in behalf of the Indians of the Gila river reservation, Gen. A. J. Alexander, then stationed at Fort McDowell, Arizona, addressed to one of the members of the new association the following letter :

FORT McDOWELL, Arizona, Ter.
October 18, 1868.

"I have just returned from a ten days' scout in the mountains, which was very successful. I was accompanied by one hundred Pima and Maricopa Indians, whose wild ways and picturesque appearance were highly interesting. I have acquired a great deal of influence over them, since I led the whole band in a charge over hills, rocks and streams. After my return I had a very interesting conversation with Antonio Azul, the chief of the Pimas, who told me he would welcome any person I would send to teach them, and that the children should go to school. These Indians are docile and friendly, and easily approached. As several white men reside near them, who speak their language perfectly, it could be easily acquired. I told Antonio that the good people in the east, who loved the Indians, would send a good man to come and live there and teach them; that he did not want land or money from them, but would come only to do them good, and whatever he told them would be good, and he could trust him. He said it was very good and wanted to know when he would come."

A letter was subsequently received from Mrs. Alexander, in which she said, that her husband before leaving the post on military duty desired her "to urge upon her friends at home, the importance of sending a missionary or teachers to this interesting tribe of Indians, now living in the heart of Arizona.

"There are about five thousand souls in this tribe and though they have been living for two or three generations in their present reservation, cultivating the soil in a rude way, they are still sunk in the lowest depth of heathenish superstition."

"The most intelligent of the Indians—and there are many such—are anxious for instruction. There are two white men living at their villages,—(one of them a licensed trader)—who have a thorough acquaintance with their language, and could assist a new-comer in acquiring it. They make it their boast that they have never killed a white man, but that while they are at deadly enmity with the Apaches, they are the white man's friends."

It is supposed that there are in Arizona, about thirty-four thousand Indians, not one of whom has ever yet been instructed in the christian faith.

The president of the new society, Mrs. Julia M. Graham, and the secretary, Mrs. Florence K. Prentice, were personal friends of General and Mrs. Alexander, and being warmly attached to them, they entered heartily into their plans tor the welfare of the ndians, with whose needs they had become familiar during their residence in the vicinity of their reservation. On General Alexander's return from his distant post of duty, he was invited to meet with the ladies of the association, and at their request, on a subsequent visit to Washington, he represented to the Department of the Interior, the desire of the Indians on the Gila river reservation for schools and teachers. A letter was addressed to the Indian commissioner at Washington by the association, to which the following response was made:

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1869.

MADAM:—I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of a letter dated the 7th inst., accompanied by a printed report of the Ladies Missionary' Association for New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado; also a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Interior of the 8th inst. These letters call attention to the project in view by the association, of a mission and school among the Pima and Maricopa Indians in Arizona, and reference is had to a report made by my predecessor to the Secretary of the Interior, on the 22d of February last, suggesting that the matter should be referred to the United States agent, in charge of the Indians, for a report as to what would be the best plan to adopt to accomplish the desired object.

The officers of the association, it is represented, are anxiously waiting for the report of the agent, as they were advised he would be instructed accordingly; and it is asked if the government will make an appropriation in behalf of the proposed mission and school. In reply, I beg leave to remark, there will soon be a new superintendent and agent in charge of the Indians of Arizona, and as I fully approve of the project of the association, I will bear the subject in mind, and require the superintendent and agent to give it prompt attention. I have no doubt but that an arrangement can be made between the department and the association, that will be satisfactory, and result in great benefit to the Indians. But what amount of money the government will appropriate, or what it will agree to perform can eonly be determined upon information, which it is desired to have furnished by the Indian agent. When that shall have been received, your association will be duly advised of the conclusion of the department in the matter.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
E. S. PARKER,
Commissioner.

When General Alexander was ordered away from Fort McDowell, Col. Geo. B. Sanford, U. S. A., who succeeded him in command of the post, continued to take a deep interest in the welfare of the Pimas and urged the appointment of a teacher upon their agent, Captain Grossman, U. S. A., who wrote the following letter:

U. S. INDIAN AGENCY, SACATON, Arizona,
July 22, 1870.

Mrs. A. J. Alexander,

MADAM :—By advice of Col. Sanford, U. S. A., I take the liberty to address you on behalf of the Pima and Maricopa Indians which have been placed under my charge. The Colonel told me that you had always taken a kindly interest in their spiritual welfare, and he thought it probable that you might be instrumental in sending a missionary to this agency.

Col. Geo. L. Andrews, U. S. A., superintendent of Indian affairs for this territory, and myself have both been and are still anxious to establish a school on this reservation, believing that by means of it we may in time improve the condition of the interesting Indians, residing thereon. Since my arrival here, I have erected a commodious agency building in a healthy locality, to which I shall remove with my family on the first of next month. In it, a school room has been set apart, but I am still without a teacher, and see no prospect of obtaining the services of one, unless associations in the east will lend a helping hand.

I am inclined to the belief that efforts to christianize the Pimas will not be strongly opposed by these Indians, but fear that their total indifference to religious matters will be, for a time at least, a serious obstacle.

A missionary sent here, would have to acquire the Pima language to a certain extent, and ought to have some knowledge of Spanish. The Pima language is simple and easily acquired. I have already compiled a small vocabulary and my interpreter, Louis, who speaks a little English and very fair Spanish, would render every assistance.

I shall esteem it a favor to hear from you, and subscribe myself

Very respectfully yours,

F. E. GROSSMAN,
Captain U. S. Army,
U. S. Special Indian Agent.

The U. S. government made a liberal provision for the erection of buildings at the agency and for the support of teachers.

Simultaneously with the first efforts put forth by the Ladies' Association, a deep impression was made upon the mind of an earnest christian man in the city of Chicago, Ill., then actively engaged there in the city mission.

His remarkable call to the mission in Arizona, is related in the simple narrative, which at our request he has written, together with a brief sketch of the life of his devoted and heroic wife, who may be said to have fallen at her post of duty in the service of her country, as well as of the Master whom it was her delight to serve.

Rev. Mr. Whittemore, pastor of the church at Florence, Arizona, gave the first impulse to this narrative of the Pima mission.* Being a member of the same presbytery with Mr. Cook, he met with him from time to time and on one occasion, when together at Santa Fe, New Mexico, Mr. Cook recounted to his brother missionary, some of the incidents of his journey from Chicago to Arizona in the latter part of the year 1870. Mr. Whittemore being deeply interested in what he had heard of his friend's remarkable experience, urged him to write some account of his life, together with a sketch of his mission work during twenty two years and particularly how he had gained an influence over the people whose welfare he had earnestly sought to promote. This, the modest missionary was reluctant to do, but through the encouragement given by Mr. Whittemore, who spent some time with him at his station at Sacaton, the following brief sketch of his mission work was prepared and is now given to the christian community, in the hope that other tribes of Indians may receive the gospel with all its attendant blessings and that men and women will be found consecrated to the work of bringing the light of the gospel to many now "sitting in darkness," and "in the region and shadow of death."

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*Rev. Isaac T. Whittemore is the custodian of the celebrated "Casa Grande ruin," which is thus mentioned in a notice which emanated from the general land office and bears date, Washington, October 15, 1869. "The general land office has received returns of the survey of township and section lines of five townships on the Gila river in southern Arizona, containing 105,252 acres of agriculture and grazing lands, bearing evidence of having been formerly under a high state of cultivation for centuries and abounding in ruins of elaborate and sometime magnificent structures, together with relics of obliterated races, possessing considerable knowledge of the arts and manufactures. Among the most extensive of the ruins being those called Casa Grande, about two miles southeast of the junction of the east and south channels of the Gila river. These townships embrace the growing towns of Adamsville and Florence, of the Fort Yuma and Fort Grant wagon roads, as well as numerous productive farms and pastures, well stocked with cattle and sheep."

In the correspondence which preceded the publication of the present volume is the following reference to Mr. Cook and his mission by Rev. Isaac T. Whittemore, pastor of the church at Florence, Arizona. "When contemplating the publication of a brief history of the Pima mission, I wrote to General O.

O. Howard, asking a few words in regard to the missionary whose interesting narrative is here introduced, and soon received the following letter in reply :"

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK,
January 5, 1893.

Dear Sir :

Your letter is received. Yes, I became acquainted with Mr. Cook in 1872, when I was sent by President Grant to Arizona and New Mexico, to settle difficulties arising between tribes of Indians with each other, and with white men, and endeavors to make peace with the only tribe of Apaches (Cochises) then at war.

At that time Mr. Cook had two schools under his charge, one at the Pima agency and the other near a Maricopa village. He had taught the children of these tribes to read and speak English fairly well.

His history was so remarkable that I have often recalled the points of it.

First.—A soldier, in probably the volunteer service, and on duty in New Mexico, and afterwards in the Army of the Potomac.

Second.—After being mustered out, a citizen, and then a city missionary in Chicago.

Third.—A remarkable conversion to God, and an impression on his mind that he must go as a missionary to the Pimas.

Fourth.—Filling his trunk with a melodeon, and few necessaries, and starting out with insufficient money to reach his destination.

Fifth.—Mr. Cook joined a bull-train after leaving the railroad in Kansas, and went on with it as far as Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Sixth.—Stopping with a train over Sunday near a mining camp. Upon making inquiry he was invited to preach in a large saloon, the only available room. He preached a short sermon, reading the scriptures, leading the singing, in which many joined. At the close a man with a tall hat, declared that the service would not be complete without a collection. He passed the tall hat and received—if I remember rightly—some sixteen or seventeen dollars which he gave to Mr. Cook.

Seventh.—Thus he was enabled to reach his destination with some money in his pocket after a sixteen weeks' journey and preaching tour. He first learned the Pima language and then taught the children as I have said; they spoke the English with a German accent.

Eighth.—He acted as my interpreter when I brought a combined delegation of Arizona Indians from that territory to Washington. He helped me in the essential councils and settlements of difficulties in Arizona.

Ninth.—He corresponded with and visited a beautiful German woman, as full of christian zeal as himself. He married her, I think in Chicago, and transported her to Arizona, and there they have done the grand work with which you are acquainted. I believe that his original German name was *Koch* when translated, is *Cook.*

These nine items are substantially as the history of this wonderful young man lies in my mind. I wish all ministers and missionaries were as able, as devoted and successful as he has been.

Very truly yours,
O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General, U. S. Army."

Mr. Whittemore further writes under date,

FLORENCE, Arizona, Ter.,
May 22, 1893.

I have been intimately acquainted with Rev. C. H. Cook, the missionary to these Indians for five years, and a more devoted and conscientious man I have never known.

His "call" from missionary work in Chicago, where he was an intimate friend of D. L. Moody, was providential. As you will see, Gen. Andrew J. Alexander, an officer of the United States Army, who was here on duty in 1868, became interested in the welfare of this tribe and wrote an article that was published in the *New York Evangelist*, which met the eye of Mr. Cook, and this was the "finger of Providence" that pointed him to this field. He "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision," so, leaving his work there, he came at his own charges and began here.

It was doubtless in answer to the prayers of those ladies who were looking for the man promised to Chief Antonio by Gen. Alexander, that God chose, in the person of Brother Cook, the expected teacher. He was fitted by nature, education, and grace, for this, his great life-work. His army life of three years or more, prepared him for the rough and isolated position. His patience, coolness, prudence, honesty, perseverance and consecration, have given also a fitness for the work, such as but few men possess. His aim has been, from the first, to christianize parents and children as the primary step toward civilization and citizenship.

His efforts have met with remarkable success. He is reaping where he has sown, and the fruit already gathered is but a foreshadowing of what must follow. He loves the Indians and they love him. What he says, they believe. They know him well. He has studied their character and temperament and taught them by precept and example, to love God. A wonderful change has been wrought in them, externally and internally. The Indian nature has been supplanted by the Divine, and the fighting principle is no longer there.

The ladies who were the instruments in God's hand of bringing him here, "wrought better than they knew.' If they could have seen these Indians as they *were*, when Missionary Cook came, over twenty years since, and see them *now*, packing the chapel each Sabbath, eager listeners to the truth, ' clothed and in their right minds," they would rejoice and thank God.

Brother Cook is too modest to tell, or have published, the trials and sacrifices of his work. He desires to give God all the glory, and keep self in the background, while he simply tells us much of his Indians, and very little of himself, or the part he has taken in their elevation. We who have known him long, love him well. If we can induce others to go and do a similar work for other tribes, our purpose in helping to prepare this little volume will be accomplished.

CHAPTER I.

At the request of the Ladies' Union Mission School Association, Mr. Cook has given the following brief account of his journey to Arizona in 1870 and some important events of his life.

SACATON, (PIMA RESERVATION), Arizona,
March 22, 1893.

To the Corresponding Secretary of the Ladies' Union Mission School Association:

DEAR FRIEND—I will now, in compliance with your request, try to give you some account of the history of my life and of my coming to this field of labor.

When but a little child of less than six months of age, I was left both fatherless and motherless.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." "A father of the fatherless." How thankful we ought to be for such gracious promises!

When barely able to speak, both of my grandmothers would not permit me to go to sleep evenings without praying, that the blood of Christ, God's Son, might cleanse me and keep me from all sin. From that time forward I have seldom neglected to pray to God.

My father, grandfather, and great grandfather having been public school teachers in Germany, it was the desire of my grandfather to give me a good education.

So, when ten years of age, I was sent to a first-class city school, high school and seminary. About the time of my confirmation in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, I felt some of the strivings of the Holy Spirit, also some desire to devote my life to foreign missions.

But some time after, partly on account of my great esteem for one of my professors, I was led, through his materialistic teachings, to disbelieve the Bible and the Divinity of our Lord and my foolish heart was darkened.

Emigrating to New Orleans, I worked for some time in a drug store, which has since proved of advantage to me. Being afterwards ill-treated by a German, I concluded to go to sea.

At this time I prayed the Lord *earnestly* to direct me. This the Lord did in a remarkable way and I found a situation on a ship. The captain, a Massachusetts man,was a noble christian ; he treated me fully as well as though I had been his own son. This good man gave me tracts, invited me to attend the seamen's chapels and paid me more at times, than at first agreed to. But what a perverse heart was mine ! I might have passed for a good Unitarian or a moral materialist, my heart was a stranger to the God to whom I prayed,

One evening, in the Mediterranean Sea, I fell overboard and the Lord graciously saved me from a watery grave and from dying the death of an unbeliever, but this did not turn me from my wicked unbelief.

With this captain I spent some very happy years and gained much in health and strength of body.

The captain then left off going to sea, for a while ; sailing with the new captain I did not feel at home and not long after, I shipped *without* asking Divine direction, with the former second mate, who was then first mate of another ship.

Here we received the most outrageous treatment and the sailors were plotting to throw the inhuman captain overboard or at least to put him in chains and keep him in confinement until we should reach Liverpool. Our first mate, however, learning of the plot, advised the men to desist, as we were nearing the Irish coast and as it was about the time of the March equinoctial storms. We soon reached St. George's channel and having taken a pilot on board, we learned that our captain had won the race with the captain of the clipper-ship, Titian. Then a terrific storm burst upon us; our only safety was a small harbor north of Liverpool, where, after the tide left us, we found ourselves high and dry on the beach. Most of the sailors ran away the first night. The captain promised those of us who would remain, a handsome reward; we stayed, but the reward did not reach us.

On our return voyage on another ship, our treatment was better. Our first mate, the captain's son, often told me how happy he would be if he could only have forty acres of land in the wilderness, a yoke of oxen, and a little cabin and there earn his living. This made a deep and strange impression upon me. He never reached his home alive, and his father had been the cause of his death. This took away from me all ambition of ever becoming the captain and owner of a fine ship.

The war having broken out, I enlisted in Rochester,

N. Y., and while waiting to go to the front, I attended the Presbyterian Brick Church. Dr. Shaw preached on Christ cleansing the lepers, and on the leprosy of heathenism cleansed by Divine power through the instrumentality of missionaries.

This sermon affected me greatly and after joining the battery, listening to the chaplain and seeing the walk of some christian fellow soldiers, I was led to the Saviour.

From that time on, my army life, though full of hardships and dangers, was a happy one. As a No. 1 at a gun and shortly after as gunner, I was in many a battle exposed to the fire of the enemy, but I did not receive a scratch.

At one time, lying on my blankets close to the Jerusalem plank road near Petersburg, not far from the rebel lines and thinking of the many lives sacrificed, of the many homes made desolate, of the wounded at times lying between the lines, suffering great agonies, the thought came to me, how can it be that the Lord permits all this? I fell asleep and then thought I could see far above the battle field, two beings, who had power to stop the war at any time and power to protect the life of any single individual. This dream greatly comforted me, and when some time after we ceased shooting at each other on Sundays, and we could hear the voice of prayer and praise, and the preaching of the chaplains on both sides of the line, I then thought that the war would soon end.

How much ill-feeling it would have saved on both sides if we, like brave General Grant, had only looked at the great war as a national punishment for sin.

After the war was over, I thought of settling on a farm in Illinois, but stopped for a while at the home of a comrade in New York state. There being no Presbyterian Church near, I joined the M. E. Church. One day I accidentally cut my foot. Perhaps some of my neighbors thought, that having come unhurt from the war, vengeance was still following me.

After five months I was able to walk, though still lame. I found work in a bank in Chicago and was led afterwards into city mission work. I received a good salary; the Lord prospered my work and the outlook was very promising.

At one time boarding near where they were excavating the Washington street tunnel, I was sick with diphtheria. I had no one to stay with me and so I was alone most of the time. The medicine did not seem to give relief and I was rapidly getting worse. I prayed the Lord if pleasing in his sight that I should die, that He might let me die with some other sickness. But my throat kept getting worse, I could only breathe with great difficulty. I then heard such heavenly music as I never expect to hear again in this world. The room seemed to be full of heavenly beings. I concluded that I had died and began to fear that I might get well again. After a little I could again feel the pain in my throat but a few days after I got well. (I have since learned that pure fresh air, an outward appliance of sweet oil and croton oil mixed, and a gargle of permangenate of potash is a good treatment for diphtheria).

I read the life of David Brainard and often thought of him and his Indians. I think it was in 1868 or '69 I got hold of a copy of the *New York Evangelist.* I read in it an article from an army officer about the Pima Indians of Arizona, and of their great need of teachers and missionaries.

At first I did not pay much attention to it and I did not keep the paper. I was thinking of preparing myself and then to go as missionary to China. But from that time forward, for a year or more, the article which I had read without much thought would still present itself to me.

When I prayed over the matter, I would always feel more convinced that I ought to go to the Pima Indians. In reading the Bible I was greatly surprised to find so many passages in both Old and New Testament refering to the sending of the gospel to the heathen.

I saw some of my friends and brethren go away to India and China with their necessary expenditures all provided for and I was glad of it. But the M. E. Church at that time had no money to spare for sending the gospel to the Indians.

Inquiring at Washington as to the Indian affairs in Arizona, I was informed that things were very unsettled in Arizona and that it would not be safe to go forth on such an enterprise at that time. The thought then came to me that the same Lord who had protected me during the war could also protect me in Arizona, and as to my temporal support, the same God who provided for George Muller's orphans must be able to provide for me, as long as I was willing to work.

On my first journey to Arizona and often since, my army experience has been of great help to me.

September 1, 1870, with a good supply of clothing, tent, blankets, a small melodeon, a Winchester rifle, some groceries and a few cooking utensils, I left Chicago.

Through the kindness of a fellow-laborer of the Episcopal Church, I received railroad passes to Kansas City where I stopped over Sunday. Attending church, I unexpectedly met a former Chicago friend, who kindly invited me to his house, and who on Monday procured me a pass to Kit Carson, so that instead of being out about $6.00 for keeping the Sabbath, I gained some $15.00 or more. As we moved further west, towns became few and far between. On some part of the railroad, troops were stationed to protect the road and stations against hostile Indians. At some places we could see buffaloes from the car windows.

Kit Carson, Kansas, my terminus on the railroad, looked like a very hard place, yet near by we beheld a small church and school house, showing how quickly these railroads help to move forward christian civilization.

Upon inquiry I was told that a mule train had left a little before for Prescott, Arizona. So I took the stage, fare $16.00 or 25 cents per mile, to Bent's Fort, or trading place. During the night we saw a rainbow by moonlight.

At the stage station I waited several days. The Prescott train arrived on Sunday, but some lady passengers objected to having a preacher travel with them.

Mr. Price, the kind station keeper learning of my errand, instead of charging me $15.00, the usual price, was well satisfied with a few sermons instead. It also pleased him to join in singing some of the old familiar hymns, which he had not heard for years.

Monday evening a Mexican ox train came along; the train was not heavy loaded, and the wagon-master was willing to take me to Santa Fe, N. M., at a reasonable rate. No one of the Mexicans could talk English, so I made good progress in the Spanish language.

We made good time with the ox train, traveling by day and by night. We soon overtook the Prescott train. The only difficulty which I encountered was that the Mexicans, like most whites out here, would travel on Sundays.

On our first Sunday evening, a Mexican robber came into camp. He eyed my Winchester rifle so sharply that the wagon-master noticed it and cautioned me. The next day, late in the evening he offered to help bring in the oxen for the night journey. He then imitated the howl of a prairie wolf to perfection, then stole the wagon-master's mule and pony and decamped. All of this undoubtedly would not have happened, had we not traveled on Sunday.

Traveling on the next Sunday and camping in the mountains near Los Vegas, an ox was stolen and after the following day we had to wait three days for the wagon-master's brother, who was to take the train to Santa Fe.

Saturday, Oct. 1.—Just one month from Chicago. We encamped about fifty miles from Santa Fe. I concluded to take a little clothing and rifle and to walk on ahead of the train, until the stage should overtake me, and then if there was room, I would go on with it to the town. When the stage came up to me, I secured passage and thus reached Santa Fe, Saturday evening. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McFarland gave me a warm welcome. I preached for the good brother morning and evening, the chapel being full each time. They also had a large Sunday school. Here I learned that a good Presbyterian sister was already employed by the church, to labor among New Mexico's Indians. The thought came to me, if a defenceless woman can live and labor among the savages, there ought to be hope for a man who had seen war.

Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 4.—Feeling much refreshed and after Mrs. McFarland had supplied me with a good three days' lunch, I left Santa Fe with another ox train for Albuquerque, where we arrived Friday, Oct. 7, and where I had to stay until Nov. 5. But this gave me an opportunity to preach the gospel and to do other kinds of missionary work.

During one Sunday a Union soldier traveling with a mule train on that day, had fallen from the wagon and was killed. The government agent requested me to assist him in giving the departed a decent burial. This we did, with a number of whites and Mexicans attending.

At Albuquerque, being now not far from the haunts of the Apaches, my purse got so low that I had to part with my Winchester rifle.

The kind postmaster, Mr. Herner, a German Catholic, of whom I rented a room, did not want to see me cook my own meals, so he only charged me $15.00 for four weeks' board, instead of $10.00 a week, the usual rate at that time.

Nov. 4. a large number of recruits arrived for the regular army, in charge of four young officers, with one officer's wife. They represented different church denominations, the officer in charge being a Methodist. All were glad to have me travel with them and insisted on my sharing their mess. This I did with some misgivings, having doubts as to whether my purse could stand the strain. This, however, subsequently proved to be so light that I did not feel it at all. Here I had opportunities to preach to the soldiers evenings. Camping some four miles from Escondida, I started out early one morning on an errand, and with some books from an Albuquerque friend, to the house of a Mr. Baca, who had been advised of my coming. He could not talk English but, greeted me in polite Spanish, "How do you do, my brother?" He then introduced me to his excellent wife and grown up children, and soon we sat down to a good breakfast. I could see at once that the brother was an educated and polished gentleman as well as a noble christian. I asked him how long he had been a Protestant; he told me that he had been such since boyhood in the city of Mexico. The brother urged me to stop and stay with him: gladly would I have done so. After promising him to do all I could toward having a preacher sent to him and his neighborhood, I bade him and his family good-bye.

Thursday, Nov. 10, we arrived at Fort Craig: Major Coleman commanding, I pitched my tent outside with the recruits. But the major although a Catholic, soon came to me and insisted that I should be his guest during my stay at the fort.

On the following Sunday, I had the privilege of preaching to the infantry companies in the forenoon, and to the cavalry in the evening, the major as well as the other officers and their wives, attending both meetings.

Some of the officers and recruits stopped at that place.

Tuesday morning, a few hours before starting again, three Mexican brethren from Peralto had come some seventy miles or more, requesting me earnestly to go back with them and be their preacher. With a nearly empty purse and with about 600 miles before me, this was a temptation to me. I told them that I was on my way to the Indians, but that it would not be long until they could have a Protestant preacher. They then requested me to accept some nice apples, (nearly a half bushel,) this I did, and then bade them God speed.

At Fort McRae we were kindly received by Captain Shorkley and others. Saturday, November 19th, we arrived at Fort Sheldon. Captain Fachet kindly entertained me. Being a Frenchman and a Catholic, he was afraid that the soldiers were too rough for Sunday services. However, he attended three meetings and was agreeably surprised at the good behavior of his soldiers.

November 23 we arrived at Fort Cummings; here Captain Hedberg, a German, took care of me. Here I bought some groceries and the post-surgeon kindly gave me a little medicine, some bacon and tea. Cash on hand, 25 cents, with about 400 miles of road still ahead of me; this made me feel a little blue and I was thinking of Christ feeding the five thousand.

Arrived at the town of Mimbers, (not very far from the present Deming,) November 24. Here I had to bid farewell to my kind army friends. As I had plenty of good clothing, they probably thought that my purse yet contained several hundreds of dollars.

Having a message to a Jewish firm from Albuquerque, they kindly invited me to make my home with them. After preaching in the evening, I received several invitations by good sisters to stay at their homes, or at least to come and eat with them on the next day. Providentially on the next day, a Mexican ox train was ready to start for Fort Bowie. The kind wagon-master, though heavy loaded, was willing to take my baggage free. I persuaded him to keep my watch chain until redeemed. I walked nearly all the time, from twenty to thirty miles a day; this, however, made me lame on the foot which I had cut. Stopping over one day not far from a large mining camp, I visited it. Upon inquiry I was told that the men would like to have me preach to them in the evening. It being a little cold they had transformed a large saloon into a chapel, all the bottles, etc., having disappeared behind the counter. The place was crowded, the singing demonstrated that many of the miners had been at church before. At the close, one of the men took his hat and said that the service was not complete without a collection. I was thus enabled to pay the freighter well and still have $6.40 on hand.

Arrived at Fort Bowie, Sunday, December 5, at 8 A. M. Here I met Captain Russell. I had once fought side by side with this brave officer, before he was promoted. He was an Irish Catholic, the son of a pious mother, whose prayers, I have no doubt, followed her son all his life. The captain was very glad to see me and glad to have me share his quarters and table for some twelve days. He would accompany me Sundays and other evenings, preaching to the soldiers and in all devotional exercises. At times he would tell me of his exploits and often narrow escapes from that great warrior, "Cochise," and I would tell him of my exploits as city missionary at Chicago, how at times some of his zealous country women would try and drive me away with a broomstick, or poker, while others would invite me to dinner and at times to have prayers with them.

Dec. 17, I had an opportunity to travel to Tucson. Capt. Russell not only supplied me with all necessary rations, but also handed me $10, telling me to take it, as I might need it. I have since had the pleasure of meeting the captain at this place.

On our way to Tucson, we were overtaken by a great snowstorm. When within twenty miles of Tucson, we picked up two wounded Mexican teamsters; they had been wounded and one of their number killed on Sunday forenoon, and their oxen had been driven off by Cochise's warriors, all of which, likely, would not have happened, had they not traveled on Sunday.

Friday, Dec. 23, 1870, I arrived at Pima Agency, with nearly as much cash on hand as I had when I left Albuquerque. Capt. Grossman, a German and an army officer, was the agent. He and his noble christian wife gave me a hearty welcome. The agent took me over the reservation, and on Jan 1, 1871, I received an appointment as goverment teacher.

My health was excellent, and the journey, especially that part of it when I had little or no means of my own, through the wild Apache country, had benefited me greatly.

During the time since I had left the railroad, I had preached twenty-two times, I had given many other addresses, and had many conversations with individuals on the subject of religion, so that the scanty provision for my long journey and my frequent straits turned out "rather to the furtherance of the gospel." It was not until several months after I reached the agency at Sacaton that I learned that there were others beside myself, who were anxious to have the gospel and christian civilization brought to a people, who are perishing for want of it. You had been trying for two years, to find somebody to go to these Indians, while I had been trying for that length of time to find an opportunity to go.

On receiving the circular, referring to a mission to the Pima Indians—I read it with the deepest interest and felt like saying the Lord bless our sisters in their noble work and may none of us grow weary in well-doing, knowing that the promise is sure. "In due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

Twenty-five years after the interview between General Alexander and the Chief of the Pimas, Antonio Azul, [to which reference has been made,] and to whom the general gave his promise that teachers should be sent to his people, Mr. Cook received a visit from the now aged chief, of which he writes as follows:

SACATON, Ariz., March 29, 1893.

Antonio Azul, (or "Koe Wadthk," Chief of the Pimas and Maricopas,) has just paid me a visit. He is probably about seventy-five years of age. He still works his own farm, with some grandchildren assisting him. Among other things, I asked him "if he remembered an army officer by the name of General Alexander?" This question seemed to have a wonderful effect upon him and at once seemed to bring before him vividly, the scenes of the past. He gave me quite a piece of history, of those early days in Arizona. Among other things, he told me something like this: I remember the general very well; I remember his long beard; he was a very, very good man. (Se, se, aw-aw-tam). I was with him on two campaigns in the mountain region, back of Fort McDowell. In the first scout, after traveling mostly nights, over very difficult trails and steep mountains and mountain sides. We came upon a camp of Apaches, engaged in a drunken feast. The Apache lookout saw us, but not in time to prevent our attack upon them, which resulted in the loss to them of nine of their number, including their chief warrior.

In our second expedition we were also successful and the Apaches lost seven of their band, besides some who were taken prisoners. I captured a bright looking boy, some twelve years of age.

The general then requested me to take good care of the captive; not to sell him into slavery in Sonora, Mexico, but to treat him as one of the family, to teach him to work and how to earn a living without stealing and murdering people as the Apaches were doing; and above all to see to it that none of the Pimas would harm him. I promised the general I would do so.

Some time after this, a large herd of Texas cattle passed through our country on the way to California. Many of our people, being hungry, stole some fifty head of them.

General Alexander, with a small company of cavalry, came here to look into this matter. Kiho Chimkum, one of our war-chiefs, in a council, advised the Indians that as they were unable to pay for the cattle, they had better arm at once, and fight the N. Y. troops.

He soon had some three hundred warriors ready, armed and painted for war, with the thirty or forty soldiers of the general. After a few days of delay and plenty of good advice from the general, who told them that the U. S. Government only sought the *welfare* of the Indians, and not their destruction and my telling them the same, our people were persuaded to desist.

Those of us who had been with General Alexander, fully believed that whatever he would advise us, would be for our good. After this, all our people thought even more of the general, than before, and as his name was rather difficult for most of us to remember and to pronounce, we called him Chue-wa-oespo (long beard).

Antonio gave me a detailed account of all the incidents in the war with the Apaches. He, as well as many others of his tribe, has lost many relatives, killed by them. I need not remind you of the influence for good or evil, military men, as well as civil officers and employes of government often exert upon the Indians, a matter too often lost sight of. When I kept school here, Antonio, who kept his promise concerning the captive, sent him here to attend school. Louista, the Apache, was one of my best scholars; a very faithful worker and perfectly honest and reliable. He married a Pima girl and lived happily with her and it was a great grief to him, as well as to his young wife, when her father took her away from Louista and gave her to a wicked trader for pay. Louista, for a long time, felt very badly about this, as also did his young wife, and after General Howard's treaty of peace between the Apaches and Pimas, he went to the San Carlos Reservation where he married an Apache woman. His children are now attending a government school and Antonio told me, that Louista, his former slave, has since his going to the San Carlos Reservation, prevented by his wise counsel, an outbreak of the San Carlos Apaches.

I once had hopes of seeing Louista become a missionary to his people. Perhaps, in his present relations to his tribe, he may be to them now, a true missionary, a messenger of peace and a promoter of "good-will to men." He has doubtless accomplished for the welfare of his people far more than we are now aware of, and all with the blessing of God, through the few kind words spoken in his behalf, by General Alexander.

Respectfully,

CHARLES H. COOK.

Antonio Asul, Chief of the Pimas,
His Son and Grandson.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. COOK'S MISSIONARY LIFE.

Mrs. Chas. H. Cook was born at Berlin, Germany, June, 1854. Her maiden name was Anna M. Bath. Her mother was a faithful and sincere christian. She had been disinherited for marrying a Protestant, as she was brought up in the Roman Catholic church. The parents of Miss Bath, desirous of giving her a good education, sent her to the Ursuline Convent, one of the best schools in Berlin. Here she studied the common German branches and the French and English languages. She also learned to do all kinds of needle and fancy work.

After emigrating to America, the family, except the mother, united with the German M. E. Church, in Chicago, Ill. In July, 1872, Miss Bath became my wife and since that time, with the exception of three visits to her parents, her home was with the Pima Indians of Arizona.

In those early days, travel out here was very expensive, and often tiresome. We took a train from Chicago to San Francisco, thence by steamer via Gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado river, and from there by a river-boat to Yuma. From Yuma we had to travel by stage 180 miles, which took fully two days and nights. On our first trip we had a delightful time until we reached Yuma. On our first night out, we were overtaken by a terrible thunder storm, during which we reached a small way-station near midnight. Here we found a number of Mexicans, drinking, gambling and quarreling. At one of these stations, a short time previous, the Mexicans had killed a man, his wife and two children, and had taken the stage-horses and other valuables to Sonora, Mexico. After the storm had passed, fresh horses were put on, and we were thankful to be on the road again. We reached the agency, as may be supposed, tired and sleepy. Mrs. Stout, the agent's wife, had arrived a year before and thus we had two white ladies for several years at this place. At that time there were probably not more than fifty or sixty white ladies in the whole country, even including the wives of army officers.

During the first year, Mrs. Cook was employed by the government as assistant teacher.

Previously, most, if not all of the sewing and weaving had been done by men. Being an expert in dress-making, &c., it was not long before she had more than thirty school girls busy at work with the needle. Henceforward, for about eight years, most of the dress-cutting and much of the sewing, for young and old, was done by Mrs. Cook. After the first year, however, having the care of a family, she would receive no more salary, though she often worked hard, to help in school and other work.

Besides being a loving and faithful wife and devoted mother, she possessed many qualities that fitted her for her position. There was no such thing as cowardice in her nature.

While visiting our relatives one summer, the agent neglected to send our check when due. The little one, our first-born also not being well, we concluded that it was best for her to remain with her parents and try to meet me at Yuma about Christmas. All went well with her in the sleeping-car and at sea, she was never troubled with sea-sickness. When I came to Yuma, the steamer did not arrive on time. After weary days of anxious waiting, we received news that the steamer was lost, but the passengers were safe After waiting nearly four weeks, during which time I had ample opportunity to preach the gospel in Yuma, and at the Military Post, one evening, the river-boat arrived, to our great joy, bringing the passengers safely. The long sea-voyage and delay in the harbor of La Paz had greatly benefited the health of my wife and baby, for which we had been praying. One of the passengers on board, a good old Irish lady, greatly enjoyed telling me the next morning of the disaster at sea. The captain had kindly given my wife and a few others, each a state room on deck. Nearing La Paz late one evening, the steamer had struck a rock, which had caused a leak. The captain told my wife that there was nothing serious, so she retired and slept quietly until morning. The cabin passengers below, had sat up all night with life-preservers on; men, women and children, for eight long hours, awaiting the summons to get into the boats. At LaPaz, the leak was stopped, but the next incoming steamer brought the passengers to the river.

At another time, when earning our bread by trading for a Mr. Hayden—a gentleman well known in Arizona, and who paid us well for our services—for two years we lived in a very lonely, deserted place, about ten miles from the agency. Here we slept under a tent. A large number of coyotes (prairie wolves) sounded the reveille at day break or gave us a nocturnal concert. After opening the store, a large number of Indians, well armed, threatened to tie me to a tree and use me as a target for the wild young Indians, if I would not, within twenty four hours, concede to some of their unreasonable demands. Their object was to frighten us and make us leave. But we stood our ground, without even a revolver, trusting in the Lord. After a few more threats, the next day, they kindly informed me that I might preach to them, but should not trade. I replied that I would comply with their request if they would pay us enough so that we could live. This put a new phase on the subject, and soon after, we were kept busy fron day-break until after dark, taking in often from 30,000 to 45,000 pounds of wheat, daily. Shortly after this, the Indians came on Sundays and asked me to preach to them. Courage inspired confidence. Mrs. Cook never manifested fear, but was cheerful and happy. But we can sympathize with the wives of many of our home missionaries far away from relatives and church privileges in their isolated desert or mountain homes, and with many unmarried women, our Presbyterian sisters,at work teaching Mexicans or Mormons, in these western wilds.

A German brother and sister, who have nobly raised a large family of boys and girls, offered to take care of my children. One of my girls has since that time voluntarily made her home with them in Iowa, and enjoys it exceedingly.

During the first nine years of our married life, we drew no salary from any missionary society. All our wants were supplied and sometimes we had abundance. By close economy, we saved $800, which we invested in land in Iowa, while it was cheap. It is now near a town and railroad, and this, with a few more buildings, will make a home for the children.

Twice, we were driven away from here by wicked agents, but they could not drive away Mrs. Cooks' courage; which, at such times, was a great reliance to me.

We often had no physician within many miles. At one time, hundreds of Indians had the small-pox. An old Papago squaw, full of it, seeing our door open, came into my wife's room and asked her for a dress. She gave it, but bade her not enter again until she had fully recovered.

In housekeeping here, in those early days, we encountered two serious difficulties. We could send to New York or Chicago for dry goods and clothing and have them sent by mail or express; not so with groceries.

Our first cooking-stove, a No. 7, cost $86. Sugar was 50 cts. per lb.; canned goods, 75 cts. to $1; coffee, 75 cts.; potatoes from 10 to 20 cts. per lb.; flour, 7 to 12 cts.; butter, $1 to $1.25 per lb., etc. And the keeping of one horse cost me nearly $100 a year. We kept a few fowls, but gardening was useless, from lack of water. We now have the railroad within fifteen miles, and the country is settling up in some places and prices though still high, are not exorbitant.

Another serious difficulty that we encountered was poor shelter, especially in rainy weather.

I will enclose an article from the pen of

Mrs. A. M. Darley, who with her husband has been long at work in Colorado, at present in Pueblo, where they publish the *Brotherhood*, in Spanish and English, occasionally. Their experience matched ours exactly.

Before the railroad came, the freight on lumber was 15 cts. a pound! Nearly all the houses in New Mexico and Arizona were then built with adobes—mud walls, roof and floor. The roof was covered with brush and a layer of horse manure, mud and ashes. Several times we had to put up tents inside the rooms to keep the water off the furniture and beds. While trading, we built a large house in the above manner. A brother, Mr. Irving of the M. E. Church, south at Phœnix, whom I had met once at a camp meeting, very kindly sent me $125, and a Bro. Baldwin of Middletown, Conn., sent money and very encouraging letters. I have never seen him, but hope to meet him in heaven.

It was our aim then, to make this mission self-supporting.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who had once before passed this way exploring in the interest of home missions called and paid us a visit. Mrs. Jackson, at this time accompanied him.

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This good sister afterwards had a long ride on an engine, instead of the sleeping car and when, crossing the Rio Grande, there was danger that all would go down in the flood, some brave Pima and Papago boys jumped into the river and carried her safely over. Dr. Jackson saw how I had to work six days in the week and could not do the necessary work on Sunday, and suggested the need of a better dwelling; but the railroad was not yet near enough to bring lumber at prices within reach, so as we had ample room and did not wish to burden the church board with the expense of a shingle roof, it was postponed.

But alas! here was our mistake, for it cost me the loss of my dear wife! Some years later we had a long rainy spell and one of our boys, about eight years old, who had not seen a sick day from the time he was born, sickened and died. He trusted in the Saviour, whom he had learned to love and obey. Two daughters and myself were also sick, but recovered.

In May, 1889, the new Presbytery of Arizona very kindly elected me as commissioner to the general assembly in New York city. I requested my wife to go with me to Iowa, and I would come for her and the children later, feeling assured that she needed rest. But our good mother had quietly fallen asleep without any previous illness, in her 72d year, some time before. On this account, my wife said she would not feel at home in Iowa without me, and would rather wait another year. Her parents and brother had removed from Chicago to Iowa in 1878. In the early winter of 1889, we had a long spell of rainy weather and the house leaked badly. As a result two of our children were sick, but recovered. My wife became sick, but did not seem very ill. I had bought a sewing machine and brought it home, and she remarked that it ought to be a means of helping her over her sickness. But the rain increased and so did her fever. The agency physician treated her disease, but for six days she ate nothing. The fever then left her, her appetite returned, but her strength rapidly failed, and late in the evening of December 18, 1889, she breathed her last, leaving a husband and seven children to mourn her loss. The baby had been weaned about a month before her departure. She thus laid down her work when it seemed to us and to the Indians, who loved and respected her, that she was most needed.

Our eldest daughter, then but little over fourteen years of age has since that time done her best to fill the place made vacant by her mother's death.

We have now, thanks to our Home Board and a gift from Gen. Townsend, a good parsonage and we hope the time will soon come when all our home missionaries and workers in the vineyard of the Lord, in this vast western country, will have a good roof on their dwellings."

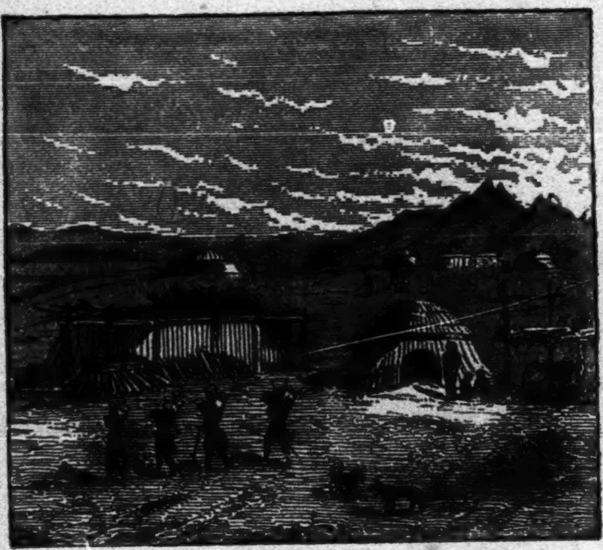
In the experience of our devoted missionaries we have been reminded of the "Missionary Poem," which deeply affected our hearts, when sent to us by a friend interested in the cause of missions and who sympathized in the trials and sorrows of the missionary's wife.

"'Mine own!' he said and clasped her hand
Her faithful hand within his own,
'I cannot bear this weary land
This labor all in vain. * * * *
Come, we'll return; the hind refrains to sow
Where nothing springs to reap;
We will return to blither plains
Of corn and trees and sheep;

For mine own fatherland I sigh,
If but to breathe its air and die.'
So, while he mourned—a sudden change
Crimsoned her cheek and fired her eye;
In boldness, to herself most strange
Spoke out in her reply:
'Cheer thee, my faithful! Keep thy trust
In one above, the just—the wise;
Who, though He knows us, frail as dust,
Our faith and courage tries.
Our friends are far—but God is near,
Aye, to this land of gloom and fear!
I too, have wrestled with despair
And weeping, yearned to live and die
Within some christian dwelling fair
Of my sweet Germany!
But it hath passed and I am strong;
The Lord, who sent us here to toil
Can build the shrine and wake the song
On this unthankful soil;
And bow the heathen heart of stone
To worship at His lofty throne.'

* * * * * * *

She spoke with such a beaming eye,
And such a mild benignant brow,
As angels, coming from on high
To comfort earth below.
Her sweet words fell like heavenly dew,
Upon the pastor's heart of care,
And side by side, to God anew,
They bowed themselves in prayer:
———More sweet to see
Were none that night in Germany."



A Pima Village.

CHAPTER III.

MR. COOK'S ACCOUNT OF THE VISIT HE RECEIVED FROM REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

It was in the seventies when we first had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. He was making the rounds of his great parish, bounded at that time, I believe, by Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory on the east, and California on the west. And what a great parish that was; greater in extent and in many places, no doubt, more difficult to travel through than the old parish of Brother Paul.

Here were the oldest settlers in the United States, speaking many different languages, some of them hard to be understood. Some of these tribes made travel through their countries anything but safe.

Here were also the Mexicans and Mormons, miners and prospectors and a grand army from the east, marching as it were, ahead of the advancing railroads, to occupy the great Rocky Mountain region.

Here not far from the great Pike's Peak, our brother with his wife and children, set up the banner of the cross. From thence they sent forth the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, and often while the good sister held the fort at home, the brother was absent, exploring the country and preaching the gospel. Not in a Pullman palace car, however, but mostly in some frontier stage-coach or on horse-back, or on foot over mountains and valleys, or through deserts, or the snows of the rockies, or in the burning sands of some desert.

It was on one such journey that the brother stopped at a little stage station a mile east of the Pima Agency.

After resting a little he paid us a visit, which resulted in a friendly chat on Indian matters and a prayer-meeting Never shall I forget that visit ; it reminded me of a General visiting the soldier on picket, and encouraging him in the faithful discharge of his duty.

Some time after, Dr. Jackson when in New York, urged the brethren of the M. E. Missionary Society to establish a mission among the Pima and Papago Indians of Arizona. Finding that the M. E. Church was not prepared and unable to occupy this field, he concluded that the Presbyterian Church ought to do something for these 8,000 Indians.

In the winter of 1880–1881, Dr. Jackson again visited this field in company with Mrs. Jackson. The good sister stayed here while the brother explored the surrounding region.

We were at that time trading for the Hon. C. T. Hayden of Tempe, Arizona, who paid us a good salary; but we were only able to give our Sundays to the preaching of the gospel to the Indians.

We requested Dr. Jackson to send us a good young missionary, one willing to devote his life to the work.

On the other hand, the brother having previously informed himself as to our standing in the M. E. Church and as to our orthodoxy, felt persuaded that it was our duty to join his church and so become their missionary for these Indians.

We felt a little loth to part company with very many M. E. Church brethren whom we loved and highly esteemed; we also remembered that we owed our conversion under God to good Dr. Shaw, a Presbyterian, and believing it to be the Lord's will, we concluded to brave any criticism or odium which such change might produce.

We found a warm welcome in the Presbyterian Church, which in reality had been the church of our first choice.

We hope, and have good reason to believe, that if Dr. Jackson will pay us a third visit, he will find the Pima Presbyterian Church the strongest church numerically, at least, in Arizona.

There have been and still are many great and good men at work in this great Rocky Mountain region, but we sincerely believe that Dr. Jackson has done more for the Whites, Mexicans, Mormons and Indians, than any other man.

THE GIANT CACTUS OF ARIZONA.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIMA INDIANS, THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS,

BY REV. ISAAC T. WHITTEMORE.

Many years ago, tradition gives it 350, the Pimas, Papagoes, Qua-hadtks, Jofe-qua-atams (Rabbit-eaters) and other branches, all designated by the common Indian name, Aw-aw-tam, came here from the east, driving away the inhabitants, supposed to have been the Zunis' or Moquis', and took possession of the country. The Pimas then were very numerous and occupied all the country, including the present Sacaton reservation and the Salt river valley, where Phœnix, the capital, temple and other places are now. For some reason, a part of the tribe, since called Towana-aw-aw-tem (Papagoes) settled on the desert of southwestern Arizona; only the Pima's remained in the Gila valley.

The Papagoes hunted the mountain sheep and deer, and lived where they could raise crops when the spring or summer rains were difficult for that purpose.

Why they left is unknown, probably because a branch of the Apaches who were war-like, lived just across the Gila, on the north. Only the Pimas remain in the Gila valley. A little over 100 years ago, nearly all the Pima Indians, numbering about 4,000, resided within a radius of about seven miles of what is now called Casa-Blanca, (white house), twenty five miles west of the Ruin of Casa-Grande, in seven villages, or eleven miles west of the agency. Here they raised cotton, corn, melons and pumpkins and a small round seed which they ground and boiled as mush.

Their mill was a stone twenty inches long, one foot wide, hollowed out a little, and an upper stone, ten or twelve inches long, weighing fifteen or twenty pounds. The squaws did all the grinding by rubbing the upper stone on the seed in the hollow of "the nether mill-stone." The cotton was raised by the Pimas, spun and woven into cloth of various widths, and also into rude blankets. This cloth, aside from what they wore, was their "stock in trade," with the Colorado Indians, 200 miles west, and afterwards with the Mexicans, on the south. It was usually spun and woven by certain men of the tribe. As they had small canals for irrigation, their fields were small, averaging not more than an acre, or one and a half to the family. They were still under the shadow of the "stone age." They had neither horses nor cattle, nor any implements of iron. Their tools were simply stone axes, and a few articles of wood, dressed by those axes and the fire. From the Mexicans, afterwards, they traded their cloth for axes, adzes, and a small brush-hook, which they used instead of a spade. These were all made in the most primitive manner, and contained little, or no steel.

They had no pails or vessels of wood, but were not slow to invent. They therefore took willows, which grow in abundance along the river, and a weed, and stripped the bark, then very adroitly split these with their teeth, and wove these so closely together as to hold water. This they accomplished by means of needles or thorns of the cactus, of which there are over one hundred varieties in this territory.

They used these baskets while digging small ditches, the women filling them with earth and carrying them up the bank. The grain, or seed, was planted in rows; a hole was made in the ground with a stick, and covered with the foot, just as did the Egyptians many thousand years ago.

The *principal* article of food, was the bean of the mesquite, which still grows abundantly all over the desert. They grow in a pod, somewhat like the "carob," the husks, out of which the prodigal son tried so hard, but in vain, to get a little nourishment. The day that ushered in the gathering of these beans was a happy event.

Large parties started out leaving the aged and the little ones at home, taking with them large jars made of clay, or gourds, filled with water,the women carrying them on their heads.

These "Kihos" they fill with the beans, which they gather, storing it here and there, and covering with thorn-brush in such a way that the prairie-wolves or coyotes could not steal it until they could bring it home as needed. These beans were not ground but *pounded*, in a mortar made from a piece of mesquite tree, which is very hard by burning a hole in it and then inserting it in the ground. The stone pestle was 16 or 18 inches long, and weighed often 20 pounds. With this the women crushed the beans very fine, then separated the seeds, which are indigestible; and from the remaining pulp, they made large cakes, containing saccharine matter that remained sweet a year. They boiled them and with the syrup, made a dumpling. Another article of food was the fruit of the "Suhuarro," or giant cactus. It grows plentifully, still, in patches on the desert and far up on the mountains, attaining a height of 20 to 30 or more feet The fruit grows on the top and is gathered dexterously by the Indians with poles—a small hook of wood fastened on the head, to bring it to the ground. Part of this fruit they ate when ripe, and the rest they dried in the sun, or boiled down to a jam, and stored away in small earthen jars hermetically sealed, a foot or two under ground—except a certain quantity, which, alas! they mixed with water and allowed to ferment, and boiled until its intoxicating qualities were seen in a general intoxication.

All contributed and brought it to the chief or medicine men, when an orgie on a large scale, was inaugurated. All dressed in their best, the women sitting or standing on the top of their huts, from ten to twenty huddled together for safety, and the feast is kept up until universal intoxication ensues; and one or more are often killed.

Of such feasts they generally had several each year, except occasionally when the cactus fruit failed.

Rabbits were hunted with bows and arrows. Caterpillars, which some years in the spring are plentiful, were also gathered in large quantities. They were thrown into boiling water, soon taken out, salted a little and eaten.

Formerly, there were some deer and mountain sheep in this vicinity, but the latter are nearly extinct, and in hunting them there was danger of trespassing on the hunting-grounds of the war like Apaches.

Fish were caught in the Gila with the hand, then a stick was driven through their gills and bodies. The sticks were then set in the ground around a small fire, and thus nicely roasted, were eaten on the spot.

Often, the Indians were very hungry, especially in the spring, and they were then glad to get one meal a day.

The huts of the Pimas were made by using four stout posts, 7 long, of mesquite, forked and set two feet in the ground. On these were laid two principal rafters, round and across these, eight or ten smaller. Over these, like an inverted basket, the tops fastened and bent to fit, were long poles, brushy top, the buts outside and stuck in the ground, and the whole overlaid with a layer of clay. Such a roof sheds water and is so strong that twenty persons could stand on it in safety, in a dry season. These huts were mostly circular outside, and from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter, and capable of containing eight persons. No ventilation at top, but furnished by a doorway in the east usually, about two feet wide and two feet eight inches high. The air draws in toward the center, where the fire was made on the ground. The smoke arose and was drawn out by the heated current, at the top of the entrance. The huts were, as I have said, merely sleeping-places. They lived in them only in stormy weather, for they were but five feet high inside, so they could not stand erect. These huts lasted many years, but if a member of the family died, the hut was burned.

Previous to 1878, all the Pimas lived in winter, or during cold weather, in what they called Keahim or villages of from one hundred to six hundred people; and these huts were called Kih's (pronounced *key.*) They resembled an old-style bee hive or bake-oven.

Some of them were much larger than those already described and elliptical in form and used as a council house.

Mr. Cook says he has preached in the smaller ones. "How did you *stand?*" "I *sat*," he replied, "and when the smoke was too dense, turned my head!"

Usually, however, he sat outside—except when in the summer, the mercury arose to 120 degrees fahrenheit—with a shade of brush, with his Indian congregation sitting on the ground in a circle.

They listened patiently as he preached in their native tongue, in which he speaks, thinks, and writes, more naturally now, than in his own native German or English.

In the winter, in the center of each hut, a fire was built and kept burning all night, one member of the family occasionally stirring and renewing wood, as necessary.

They slept on mats which they made, and their covering was a blanket, and so warm were the huts and the winter so mild, that nothing was needed to keep them comfortable. All the furniture consisted of mats, ollas, (earthen jars) and a few earthen dishes; the former holding two or three pails of water and a few gourds. Many of the huts were kept so neatly as to astonish one.

The Pimas had one principal chief with one or more sub chiefs, to each village. These were chosen usually for their bravery in war and influence at home and were their leaders in wars and settled disputes in villages and families. At present, they have but little authority. Some of the old warriors are badly scarred from encounters with the Apaches, and these are much respected by the young, who listen in the village council house to their winter evening tales of former exploits

Antonio Azul, the present head-chief, as well as his father before him, was a great warrior and both were always friends of the white man and progressive in their views.

Many years ago, when some of the evil disposed urged war with the whites, these chiefs took a firm stand against such folly. The others knew but little of the strength, prowess and resources of the whites and Mexicans; but concluded, however, that they had had enough to do with the Apaches, without embroiling themselves in wars with either Mexicans or whites; thus, considering "discretion the better part of valor."

They bury their dead in a sitting posture, six feet below ground, as do so many Indian tribes.

Mr. Cook says, "Not very long ago, the cattle and horses, belonging to a deceased person, if a husband, were killed and eaten by the mourners and neighbors, except such as were given by him to the heirs in the family, and other possessions, including even wheat and other food were burned with the house.

The bereaved relatives consequently had nothing left at times, on which to live, until next harvest, unless friends came to their relief.

Mourning for a child and relatives of distant consanguinity usually lasted a month. If a child died early in the morning or late in the evening, the mourners went a little distance from the village and you could hear their plaintive cry, My child ! oh ! my child !

If a husband, or wife died, mourning lasted six months or a year. After this the name of the departed ones must never be mentioned, and everything relating to them, appear forgotten. The women wore sack-cloth as did the Jews for the memory of the departed."

"The only thing" says the missionary, "that

I have found, showing the least conception of their belief in a future existence, was that the mother prepared food and scattered it to the winds, with some evident hope that the departed might thereby find something to eat." He says farther and what seems strange and incongruous, "I once saw a party of Indians going to a funeral as joyful as if going to a dance. On inquiring where they were going, they replied to a funeral to eat beef."

At the time of which we are writing, these natives wore only a breech-cloth around the loins, except the girls, who wore an apron. In winter, the men had a long shirt, similar to the Chinese blouse. Women over twelve years added a chemise or skirt tied around the waist. Unlike the Indians in the cold north, in the days when buffaloes roamed in vast herds and who clothed themselves in warm robes, these needed very little covering in winter, and like all heathen, were indifferent to the exposure of their person.

Their shoes were simply buckskin. They usually went barefoot, except when travelling. The men wore their hair longer than the women, dressing it with mud and gum made from the mesquite tree. They wore this during the night and washed it off in the morning. The women wore their hair cut short over their eyebrows in a "bang." The hair dressing just named, gave the hair a black and glossy appearance, and it was also a good dye.

If one is sick, he sends for the medicine man, often to a distant village. He comes with great pomp, long eagle feathers, and rattle in hand, of which he makes good use. If he is on horseback, which is usually the case, his horse is taken as he dismounts, and as soon as possible his appetite is appeased, and he goes at his work with the patient. A paper of the indispensable tobacco is furnished. He has no pills nor powders, no calomel or morphine, not even a saddlebag. He spends the night smoking his cigarettes blowing the whiffs in the face of his patient, sings weird songs, rattling and fanning to blow away the devils that caused the sickness.

For certain pains, the patient was scarified with broken glass or sharp stones. An instance of this kind is as follows: A woman had sprained her ankle. She then washed it, sat down, broke several pieces from a glass bottle and cut the flesh till the blood ran in many places and then went about her business.

Another case was that of a girl, who was taken sick while attending a school. She was taken to Maricopa to a doctor and died the next day. It was ascertained afterwards that these Maricopa doctors, (sorcerers) when it was the wish of the relatives, or when recovery was doubtful, took a club and killed the patient.

Rabbit-hunting was formerly one of their modes of killing the witch that caused the sickness which was supposed to reside in a certain rabbit.

On learning that Missionary Cook taught differently and damaged their reputation for destroying the witches, they retaliated by arranging to have the hunt many times on Sunday, and thus draw largely from his congregation. Ever since the missionary began work here, these medicine men have been an annoyance and hindrance to his work, but they have invariably turned out badly.

There is but little doubt that if all the facts could be known, many of the murders of whites by the Apaches, and other tribes and wars and depredations in this territory, could be traced to the instigation of these medicine men. They are one of the most dangerous elements with which government, especially the Indian department, has to contend. They are ambitious, artful, and unscrupulous, and in this vicinity have done more to destroy the efforts of Indian agents to improve the condition of the Indian, both in school-work and their moral elevation, than all other undermining and checking influences combined. Nearly all are low, vulgar, licentious, and dishonest, and spare no pains to keep the tribe from every good and honorable work. The Indians crave excitement and amusement. Since the hunt and chase are things of the past, a substitute of some kind is required.

One of the amusements of the women, was that of tossing balls. They had two small ones covered with buckskin, and tied about six inches apart. Young women and married from thirty to seventy-five in a group, assembled dressed as for a ball, their hair carefully manipulated so as to be black and glossy. Each had a stick of willow, six feet long. With these they dexterously tossed the balls high in the air, running after them until one party was so weary that they gave up the game from mere exhaustion.

In order to make the excitement a success, they had certain active women, keen of wit, and quick of action, practice weeks in advance. This muscular play, in addition to other work, developed strong muscular action and healthy bodies, gave the women a better constitution than the men; the latter, sometimes dying from debility, and consumption.

The men were addicted to gambling. From two to eight sat on the ground from half a day to a whole day at the game. They had a flat stone about four inches in diameter and four flat pieces of wood, eight inches long and one wide. With this stone in one hand and four sticks held together, each of which had certain marks on two surfaces, no two alike, they hit the sticks with the stone, knocking high in air, and as they fell into the centre of the circle around which they sat, the marks were counted, and scored and credit given to the winning side of each game. The party that lost gave so many little sticks to the winning side. The stakes were valuable, worth from one dollar to fifty; sometimes a horse or pony, a steer or cow.

Foot races were of common occurrence. Sometimes between two villages, or a number. The grounds were prepared, every obstruction removed for a space 1,000 yards long, and a rod in width. The goal was distinctly marked at each end. The racers having practiced long, met at the ground, denuded, except a cloth around the loins. Wives or sweethearts, fathers and mothers assembled in crowds to witness the race, on both sides of the track. One party in a village is marked by a blue, another from a near village by a red ribbon. The racer has his insignia to denote to which party he belongs. The day arrives. Part of the blues are on one side of the track, part on the other, and so of the reds. The crowd on both sides is great. Horses, cows, cattle, as prizes, are on the ground near by. Betting runs high hours before the race. When all are ready, two men, a red and a blue, with toe on the mark, stand ready for the signal to start. Cool, yet determined, stand the contestants. As the word is given, two, a red and a blue, dash forward. The instant one touches the mark at the opposite end, another of his party starts back. If the one who started with him is behind, the man of his party must wait till he touches the line. If his party continues to lag and cannot gain what is lost, the other side eventually wins. But this may continue for hours before the victory is won.

During all the time the villagers on both sides of the track were divided, so that half the blues were on one side and half on the other, and *vice versa* of the reds, the parties shouting and halloing, men on horseback and women as much excited as the men. When the die is cast the winners take their prizes and leave for home. Sometimes a race was run between two persons, champions, from three to five miles, and the amount staked reached $500 worth of livestock and dry goods. In these races, men and women who had large stakes, as their favorite racer lagged, ran after him, hooting and prodding with a sharp stick, so intense was the excitement.

There was one advantage which these Indians had over horse racers of this day. Although the excitement was great and betting strong, and the gambling dissipating to morals, there was so far as we know, no drinking.

The word Aw-op, meaning Apache, was often used by the Pima mother, to still the crying of her little one.

The old warriors here, who can show the scars of many a wound received in fights, will soon be no more.

Many years ago there was but little for which to fight, except the hunting grounds and a few slaves. But since the Pimas have become raisers of horses and cattle, war with these Apaches is no longer an object. The Apaches had the advantage over the Pimas having a very large country to roam over, as some of our military officers well know.

They had many hiding places and natural fortifications, where a handful of Apaches could easily defy such fighters as Gen. Crook and his brave officers and soldiers.

Some of our frontiersmen have regarded the Apaches as cowards, perhaps because they would not fight when the odds were against them. The Pimas, however, did not so estimate them, nor did the Apaches consider the Pimas cowards.

To mention all the battles and hand to hand fights of these tribes within the past sixty years, would fill volumes. Be content with a few.

Once the Pimas, being hungry, went to the San Pedro to hunt deer. They took their wives with them and a few ponies. They left the women in camp in the morning and on their return in the evening, all had been taken captive by the Apaches.

At another time, a number of Maricopa Indians, on their way to Tucson, were surprised by a party of Apaches, two miles south of the Sacaton Agency and every one was killed. The little hill where the battle was fought, is still called by the Indians, Aw-aw-pap-ha-ko-ita or Maricopa slaughter.

About seven miles from the agency, near the Temple road, they had a great battle, about thirty years ago, where many on both sides were killed. "Old Ursutch," who died seven years since, was surprised by a band of Apaches, nearly six miles from home. He kept them at bay until his wife and children were safe, meantime receiving three severe wounds. Usually, the Apaches provoked the wars, either by robbery, or murdering the Pimas. Whereupon councils were held by the Pimas and a time fixed for a campaign. All the war-chiefs and warriors then got ready, with feathers in their hair, faces and hair painted, war clubs and shields or bows and arrows and sometimes lances, and some food. They then met in a village and there danced as many evenings as they expected to be absent.

While the young sang and danced, the war-prophets sat near and prophesied in regard to what their success should be, like the "Oracle of Delphi."

Having learned that it was not the custom of the Apaches to fight at night, a new system of tactics was inaugurated by the Pimas. Taking Apache captives for guides they managed to reach their villages at night, stealthily approached them and beat them with clubs, and usually killed them before they had time to rub their eyes open. Such raids were sometimes very disastrous, at other times successful, as they brought home captives, and if no Pimas had been killed they had a glorious dance, in which nearly the whole tribe joined. The dancing being mostly side-jumps by several thousand who joined hands, made the earth tremble for quite a distance. After the festivities were over, most of the captives were taken to the Papagoes, or to Sonora in Mexico, and there sold as slaves, at a price ranging from sixty to one hundred dollars, in goods and livestock. Then those who had killed an enemy, had to remain outside the camp for a month, their food being brought to them. At the end of a month or moon, the process of cleansing was performed, and the braves were then allowed to mingle again with the people.

In this connection we may mention the war-drill. From the age of two years, up to old age, the males carried bows, and arrows. Some of the experts occasionally gave a drill in the practice of club and shield. Much depended on fleetness of foot. Some young women could travel from forty to fifty miles in sixteen hours, and there were warriors who ran twenty miles, keeping a horse on a canter, following them.

Some imitated the Apaches in their system of telegraphing from the top of steep hills or mountains, by smoke in the day or fire at night; although in this the Pimas could not compete with their neighbors, whose system was so perfect for communicating great distances, even from sixty to one hundred miles, which is well known to our army officers who fought them. The Pimas, however, were fully their equal in "trailing." He could even distinguish the prints of feet in the sand, of those of his village, and friends, so as to tell you who had passed before him, and the print of his horse's hoofs from those of any other horse.

Sham battles were also frequently given, some of the Pimas representing the Apaches so well, that if a white man had passed he would undoubtedly have been deceived by them. After the battle had waged some time, as usual in such cases, the Pimas came off conquerors without losing a man. The opposition, however, did not lose esteem on that account.

In 1872, Major Gen. O. O. Howard was sent to this territory by President Grant, with a view to establishing peace between the Indians and the whites. General Howard went with only one of his aids, to see Cochise, chief of the Chirichua Apaches, at his headquarters. This was an act of daring which few would perform. Cochise consented to live at peace in Arizona, but not in Mexico, where as he claimed his father had been foully murdered, after making a treaty, and after coming out of one of their churches. It is possible that this may have been done by some crank, for it seems hardly credible that the priests or authorities would have committed an act which afterward, no doubt, cost the lives of thousands.

After this Gen. Howard visited the Pimas, inspected the school then conducted by Missionary Cook, expressing his approbation at finding it not only on the pay list, but a school in reality.

The general then requested the Pimas to send a large delegation to make peace with the Apaches, at Camp Grant.

Gen. Crook and Gov. Safford were there, and Tucson was well represented. There was much talk, which lasted two days. Eskimensin was the Apache orator and chief speaker for that tribe.

An Apache, seeing Louis, the Pima interpreter, came to meet him in high glee. Taking his hand, he said: "You are the Pima who killed me years ago." Louis then recognized him as the man to whom he had dealt a heavy blow with a war-club, and then left him for dead on the battle-field. Peace-making progressed and all were pleased, except in one item of the contracts. The Apaches wanted the captives restored who had been taken at the Camp Grant massacre, (*vide* "Century of Dishonor," by H. H., pp. 324–335). They were nearly all held by Mexicans, who objected pleading that they could not allow them to return to heathenism, that they had learned to love them and their hearts would almost break at the thought of it. Eskimensin listened patiently, then evidently much moved, spoke nearly [illegible] follows : "Your hearts must have become very tender all at once. Not long ago, when the men were away hunting, you came here and killed defenceless old men, women and children. You took a number of our children to Tucson to sell into slavery of and when some of the little ones cried for their homes and murdered mothers, you put water on their heads," (baptized them) "and then you took them by the legs and knocked their heads against the rocks and killed them and left them for the coyotes to eat. How does it happen that your hearts have got so tender all at once?" The massacre occurred but little over a year previous and was fresh in the minds of many present, among whom, in this council, was our missionary, who heard all the discussions.

Gen. Howard left the settlement of the question in regard to retaining or returning the captives, to President Grant, who issued an order subsequently for the return of the captives.

Because Gen. Howard did not assume authority and return the captives, some were offended, and a ruse was attempted but failed. It was as follows: Mannel, a tame Apache, who was also an interpreter, came to the Pimas, requesting them to take care of his horse and rifle for an hour, until he could bid good-bye to some of his relations. To this the Pimas assented. After two hours, word came that Mannel could not be found, and fears were entertained that there had been foul play, and he had been put out of the way by the Apaches. This story was the all-absorbing theme of conversation for some time, and was published in the newspapers.

Having seen carriages leave for Tucson, soon after Mannel left, the Pimas came to the conclusion that the Mexicans had captured him instead of the Apaches. They sent to Tucson, and lo! after enjoying a nice carriage ride, here was Mannel safe and sound.

Since this "treaty," there have been no wars between the Pimas and Apaches.

Very few of the Pimas were originally polygamists. There are many examples that show honorable fidelity of husband and wife to each other for life. This, however, was not the case with the majority.

Some time after the treaty mentioned in the last chapter, an Apache squaw, a captive, who had been married to a Pima Indian and was much loved by her Pima sisters, was claimed by her brother, as it was understood by the treaty that the Pimas were to deliver up the Apache captives to their tribe. In the absence of the government superintendent, the missionary, acting as agent, decided the case. He asked the Apache woman how she liked her husband and what treatment she had received from him? She expressed herself as perfectly satisfied, and desired to live with him always The husband fully reciprocated. He was informed that they must not be separated, as they were truly husband and wife. "But," added the missionary, "there is no law against a Pima husband making a present of a good pony to his brother-in-law, or his wife visiting her family as often as she may choose. At this suggestion, all were well pleased, and the Apache brother-in-law rode home on his pony, perhaps the first he had ever owned.

Until the last one hundred years, the Pimas knew little or nothing of the Spaniards. At one time a number of the Indians were invited to visit Tucson, (pronounced *Took-sone*, or *Too-sone*), meaning Blackfoot hills. They here saw Mexicans, soldiers, cannon and fire-arms. The Indians were treated to beef for the first time, which they greatly enjoyed.

Here they met the Catholic priests, called by the Mexicans, padre, or father. They taught them of the advent of the Saviour into the world and invited them to join the mission. The subject was new to them and they could not take it in readily. They wanted to discuss the matter at home with their chief and others, so they declined after the council was over. Some time after this, Chief Haran-n-mawk (Raven hair) of the Papagoes, came with many of his people from Tucson, to the Pimas on the Gila, for refuge. They stated that the Mexicans wanted him and his people, without sufficient supplies, to wage an unceasing warfare on the Apaches. Not long after, however, a body of Mexicans with cavalry and artillery came in pursuit, whereupon the Papagoes and Pimas, after hiding their scanty supply of food, fled to the fastnesses of the mountains west of this place, terror-stricken at the booming of cannon and of fire-arms. Here, like "Leonidas," they could defend themselves in the cañons for months, against the foe in front. They subsisted on the mescal, in part, which grows on the top of a mountain range, where the enemy could not reach them. But after waiting for months, the Mexicans, their enemies, still occupying their villages, ready and thirsting for a fight, a sterner foe in camp threatened them. The mescal gave out. The men were afraid of the cannon and fire-arms, and their children cried for food. The squaws proposed to go and fight—driven as they were by hunger and the fruitless wails of the children—if the husbands would not go. In this extremity, the lion-hearted Ravenhair and his two sons, went and surrendered. The Mexicans took them and hanged them on a tree. They then returned to Tucson.

It is supposed that many of those Papagoes (one village) have resided near the Pimas, until the last two years, and a few still remain. Some time after the above event, several priests with a band of soldiers, came to establish a mission near Casa-Blanca, but the

Pimas forbade them. It was about this time that the Pimas, with the help of the Papagoes, managed to get a few ponies.

It is about sixty or sixty-five years since the first cattle were brought to the Pimas. Many of the old Pimas remember the event distinctly. Many of the Indians were at first frightened at their horns and shaking of the heads and bellowing of the cattle. But the old Quacherty, a branch of the Pimas, finally quieted their fears, assuring them that they were harmless and very valuable for work and beef. Henceforth, cattle were driven from Sonora, Mexico, bought in trade and frequently stolen by Mexicans, Yaqui Indians and Papagoes, and sold to the Pimas at reduced rates.

The Quatcharty Indian who brought the first cattle, married a Pima woman. Some of his sons were killed in the recent war with the Apaches, and one died about four years ago. One of his daughters is a most faithful christian. His son, named Joseph Roberts, the only elder in the Pima Presbyterian Church here, and a number of his children and grandchildren are members also; one of whom, a pupil in the Indian training school at Tucson, plays the organ well. Our Elder, who was also a great warrior, does good service now in the army of the Lord.

Some of these Pimas responded to the call of Gen. Miles, as spies, and aided him in capturing "Geronimo" and his band, now under guard at Mount Vernon, Alabama. They were always glad to aid the U. S. government in every way possible. Besides the Pimas there are other tribes of Indians living in the western part of Arizona.

The Maricopas, who many years ago took refuge among the Pimas and still reside here, speak the Yuma language. Twenty years ago they numbered four hundred and fifty souls. They are now reduced to but half as many. In some respects they resemble the Yumas. The Pimas about the same time numbered four thousand and have not diminished since. The Papagoes, Quatcharties, and others, who speak the Pima language, probably amount to the same number, exclusive of those who reside outside permanently in Sonora, Mexico. Most of the Papagoes, except a few who reside near San Xavier, live in villages, where they cultivate the soil when the rains are sufficient to raise a crop, but are nomadic at other times. They live on deserts, where as soon as the whites occupy all the grazing lands adjacent, it will be impossible for them to subsist much longer. They will be driven to the wall and starve to death This is inevitable unless provision is made for them. Should not our government set apart a small portion of the Pan Handle in the Indian Territory for them and other Indians similarly situated, before they become extinct, and provide them a home and schools, and should not the churches provide them a missionary?

The Quatcharties have built long dams across the valleys above their fields, where they store much water in the rainy seasons, and irrigate at pleasure.

Frequently in the summer many of the Papagoes come to the reservation here and help the Pimas at wheat harvest on shares, and earn sufficient to keep the wolf from the door the rest of the year. Others near the Sonora line spend much of their time in Mexico for the same purpose. Some also go to the San Pedro valley. They travel with burros, small mules and on ponies, carrying household goods, cooking utensils especially, camping wherever night overtakes them. They build a small rude hut on short notice, generally in a day, for a short stay. Some speak a little mongrel Spanish, and show a mixture of Mexican and Spanish blood.

They are fairly clean. They raise more asses and mules than the Pimas, and formerly more cattle and horses. Some of them, before the railroad was built, stole stock from the Pimas and sold it in Mexico, and the Pimas played at the same game.

U. S. agent, Capt. Grossman, tried to induce them to settle on the Gila in 1870 or 1871, but their free and roving nature rebelled. They preferred the deserts and little springs in the mountains. A few of them make good laborers, but the majority decline to work. When hunger forces them out of ruts and huts during the winter or early spring, they come by hundreds, in a long caravan to the Pimas whom they know to be more provident.

A small delegation is sent in advance to advertise the Pimas that they are very hungry, and will soon appear to give them a great dance in exchange for something to eat. Looking south some day, you may see a great dust for miles along the road. As the caravan approaches, you behold Indians, squaws, kids and papooses, some on ponies, others on mules or asses, two or three often on one animal, with extra beasts to carry grain back. They give the Pimas two or three nights' dancing, in return for which each Pima family is expected to give fifty or one hundred pounds of wheat—so great is their own estimate of the exhibition, and the generosity of the Pimas. This wheat is collected by the Papagoes in the various villages, as they tarried, and by them transported to their homes. So hungry were some of these little Papago children, as to be delighted at finding a crust of coarse bread just cast away, which the average white child would have spurned.

Previous to the Independence of Mexico, *i. e.* in 1822–25, many of the Papagoes who were under the influence of the Padres, wore their hair short while among the Pimas. The Quatcharties, and others have always worn theirs long, thus avoiding the necessity of any other covering for the head. A few of them settled among the Pimas, and taught them the art of raising wheat. At this date, perhaps owing to their desert homes, and other causes, they are behind the Pimas in wealth and civilization. With the exception of those living in villages, they oppose schools.

The Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico, differ from the other tribes in many respects. Their principal mode of eking out a living was heretofore by the chase and gathering the mescal and by robbery. The mescal is a plant with an enormous root, quite nourishing, corresponding to the bread-fruit in foreign countries.

One thing may be conceded to them—they were the most virtuous of Indians, (if any are chaste), although adultery was punished with them by killing the man and cutting off the nose of the woman. To some extent, however, they have practiced polygamy.

The natural resources of their country were such, that they could have kept one hundred thousand head of cattle, with little or no work or oversight, had they been so inclined, and many of the villages could have produced the best of fruits and grain, had their people been industrious, like the whites, if they had been taught; yet they knew so little of the way of cultivating the soil, that at times they were so hungry as to capture a

Coyote in a trap, cook, and eat it—a thing that even an Indian rarely does.

The Camp —Apache Indians are probably the most susceptible to Christianizing influences of any of the tribes in this territory. Long ago, they asked for a missionary who would help them and teach them how to live, both for this world and the next. So far the churches have not responded. There is a probability, however, that the German Lutherans will soon establish a mission among them. There is a great need of suitable young men and women, to be educated as teachers and missionaries, and even storekeepers and farmers, to go and live among such tribes as these, all over the country where there are Indians. But they should go married, as husband and wife. It is questionable whether two women, however consecrated, can succeed. A very important aim in all our Indian mission schools, should be first to evangelize the Indians of both sexes, then to fit them to return and make homes and aid the above missionaries by supplementing their efforts.

The statistics of the Indian tribes in this territory as given by the commissioner of

Indian affairs, Gen. T. J. Morgan, Vol. 2, 1891, is as follows:

Colorado-rini agency,	2,891
Navajoe agency,	17,852
Pima agency,	9.695
San Carlos agency,	4,819

There are all told under government protection, 38,481.

This brings us to the present, and shows what has been done for the Indians on this Pima reservation during the past two decades.

Before the advent of the S. P. R. R., the Pimas were doubtless the best known tribe in Arizona. The overland mail road and most of the traffic of the territory at that time passed through this reservation. No danger here from Apaches or Mexicans, who for a time made it their business to kill and plunder between Tucson and Yuma.

It is true, a few of the "baser sort," often drove the mules or horses of the freight teams away, when grazing a little distance, in order to obtain a reward for hunting them. Otherwise, but few depredations were committed. Twenty-five years ago, there were six trading establishments on this reservation, where you could purchase calico or muslin at twenty five cents per yard, a cake of soap at the same price, sugar at fifty cents a pound and canned goods at from seventy-five cents to a dollar per can. The goods were brought over-land from San Diego, Cal. Wheat brought prices in fair proportion, one dollar and fifty to two dollars per hundred pounds. With the Indians, wheat was their "stock in trade." So the early traders did all they could to encourage them in agricultural pursuits. The plow was of the most primitive make. It was patterned after those made in Egypt, 3,000 or 4,000 years ago, or the one used by Elisha, vide 1 Kings, 19:19. It consisted of a beam of mesquite wood, a hook with a handle and a pole fastened to it. The share was simply a piece of mesquite, three inches square and two feet long, sharpened at the lower end and fastened ingeniously at the upper end at an angle of fifty degrees, into the beam. The pole was fastened to the plow at one end, and to the ox-yoke at the other. The yoke, instead of resting on the neck, was fastened in a curious manner to the horns of the oxen. This plow answered the purpose of plow and harrow. It required from four to six yoke of oxen to do the work (which was but little more than scratching the ground) for a whole village, and was owned by two or three families.

During the past ten years this tribe has produced from sixty to seventy thousand bushels of wheat a year, the government having lately furnished them axes, spades and modern plows, which they highly prize.

The first Indian day school under government was opened among the Pimas by Mr. Cook in 1871. This he conducted successfully for seven years and for two years more he was employed as trader. During this time, besides serving the government and the Indians with fidelty, he was preparing for a still greater work as a missionary exclusively.

Not long after this a school was opened at San Xavier. Gov. McCormick the delegate to congress, and his wife, visited the school and secured government aid for suitable buildings. The Ladies' Union Mission School Association in New York, at this time having had their attention called to the needs of these Indians by army officers, employed and sent a lady teacher. They also very kindly sent (and have several times since repeated the act) a good Mason and Hamlin organ and other supplies for the school, all of which were fully appreciated, as they added very efficiently to the work. After the day school had existed eight years' it was changed to a boarding school. This school resembles most of the other Indian boarding schools. There has been a gradual growth and improvement, becoming more apparent during the last few years.

The girls receive good training in all lines of housekeeping and the boys learn such trades and modes of farming as will fit them for a useful life, as citizens. They are frequently drilled in military tactics, in two companies, before school. This is done by native sergeants in a manner that would surprise a West Point cadet. They perform with a celerity of action and unanimity of motion that would do honor to a company of national guards of Arizona. It is amusing to see the children imitate their drill-master and their delight in the exercise. They do as well—possibly better—under an Indian, than a white man. In the day school they memorize the ten commandments and other portions of scripture with remarkable facility—especially considering the fact that they are just beginning to learn the English language.

This school, started twenty years ago with hungry and almost naked Indians, has grown and multiplied until at present there are about five hundred pupils in the various schools in this territory and in Albuquerque, New Mexico. And it would require no very great effort to place *all* the children under school training. One of the best schools in the country, for educating the Pimas and Papagoes, is the Indian training and industrial school at Tucson. It was first opened in January, 1888, and now has one hundred and fifty or more pupils. Rev. Howard Billman is the efficient superintendent and is seconded in his efforts by his estimable wife, and a corps of faithful, earnest co-workers.

Not all Indian agents are good or wise men: would that they were! The injury that some of them have done, it is difficult to estimate and can never be repaired. Those who recommend and those who have the power of appointment, should be slow in their selection, unless assured of their fitness for the position. A mistake may not be corrected until evil has been wrought and then it is too late. Here, however, we have had some very good men in position. Mr. C. W. Crouse, the present incumbent, has worked hard and done well in bettering the condition of the Pimas and Papagoes. Besides erecting several large buildings for school purposes and for the general benefit of the Indians, he has erected a flouring mill, capable of producing twenty-five barrels a day of (24 hours), that will save its cost in one year. He has utilized Indian labor to its utmost ability, thus saving expense and teaching them how to work at the same time; and they are not slow to learn.

He has built an irrigating canal over six miles in length, in which he was assisted by Mr. Cook, who has done a similar work for the Indians several times in past years. In the construction of these buildings and other improvements, Indians were principally employed. This has given them a fair living and the *training* they needed, so that at present they require no assistance in constructing the walls of an adobe building, painting or plastering. The miller, who is engineer also, has trained his assistants (Indians) so that he needs no other help in running his engine.

Much has been said and written in regard to the best way of elevating the Indian. Many who are in other respects wise, yet lacking in knowledge of Indian character from not having studied it on the ground, declare that you can do nothing with the adult Indians. Educate the young, say they, separate them for years from all tribal influences and you may do a little for them, but you cannot do anything for their parents.

Here is a direct and palpable refutation of this sentiment. These friends of the Indians forget, or ignore what the Great Teacher commanded over 1,800 years ago: "Go preach my gospel to every creature." With the same means that have produced these results here, why may not the same be expected elsewhere? To educate the intellect only, and leave the heart untouched, is to do but little for the Indian.

The Presbyterian Church has had one missionary here laboring under a commission of her Board of Home Missions, for less than twelve years. During this time he has received over eighty members into the church, who before knew but little or nothing of evangelical christianity. We have two church edifices twelve miles apart on this reservation, the one at Blackwater on the east seating one hundred and fifty, this one three hundred, and both of these are full every Sabbath and frequently crowded.

It is expected that a third chapel will be erected this year, thirty miles west of Sacaton, and that two native helpers will be commissioned to assist the missionary in his large and expanding field.

Many come regularly to church a distance of from two to twenty miles, and not a few twenty or thirty miles. In summer, when churches in town are closed from the intense heat, these overflow with a multitude who are attracted, not by the eloquence of the preacher or by the exquisite rendering of chants by a well trained choir, or soul-stirring peals of the organ, but from pure love to God and delight in the service of preaching, prayer and praise. This influence on a people just emerging from heathenism and breaking up old superstitions and vices, and instead of them, leading an industrious and virtuous life, must far exceed that of churches in town on a civilized people.

The Indian mind and heart is virgin soil, never working but when properly cultivated ; though slow in development and requiring great patience, yet when thoroughly wrought upon by the Holy Spirit, yields more ample returns and sometimes more rapid, than a gospel-hardened soil.

The Indian belongs to the great human family. He is below his white brother in mind, morals and heart culture, *i. e.*, the representative of the cultured man, but certainly not below his ancestors in the dark ages, before the dawn of christianity.

Formerly news of importance was given from mouth to mouth, or by the captain of a village, morning and evening. He stood on the roof of his house, and proclaimed in a voice so loud that the captain in the next village heard and repeated, until all the villages, one after another, had heard the latest war, or other news. Now, the young Pima reads his newspaper or letters from friends in distant schools, and replies with as much interest, as his white neighbor. It is said that "Kid," the notorious Apache renegade, for whom parties are now in pursuit, can read, write and even operate the telegraph.

During the past ten years the more civilized and christianized Pimas have built about one hundred and twenty adobe houses, most of them superior to the average Mexican house.

Not contented with this, and finding that in a wet season, havinga flat roof of brush, and mud they leak badly—imitating their pale-faced brother—they have begun to put on a shingled roof, of one-third pitch, and there are three such within sight. They have cleared new land, and if sufficient water were provided at all seasons of the year, nothing could hinder their advancement in wealth and prosperity. At present there is an average of one pony to every man, woman and child of the tribe, and many have wagons, while some enjoy the luxury of a carriage. Some of them have herds of cattle ranging from ten to three hundred. Most of the field work is now done by ponies. They have purchased within the past five years, about forty sewing machines of which they are justly proud. A lame Indian heretofore very poor, has a hand machine, with which he earns good wages, as a tailor, and now comes nine miles to church in his carriage. Formerly, they were often hungry, but now all who work have enough to eat. The clothing of men and women is respectable and many a young girl, especially in summer, during vacation, comes to church as stylish as her white sister. It speaks well for their school-training, when it was plainly visible last summer that those girls who had been at the Indian Training School at Tucson, after being at home two months, on their return, were if possible more neat and tidy in their white dresses than when they came. The Pimas have always been self-sustaining, receiving only a few wagons and agricultural implements from the government, to encourage them to help themselves, when greatly needed.

Many of these Indians now appreciate the value of an education. Both our government and army officers have been the true friends of these Indians. Unscrupulous agents, and inspectors we have had, but they have been "exceptions, not the rule."

CHAPTER V.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ORGANIZATION OF THE LADIES' UNION MISSION SCHOOL ASSOCIATION AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE MISSION TO THE PIMAS.

The Ladies' Association formed in New York city in the month of March, 1868, to which reference has been made in the introduction to this narrative, after two years' active service in the territories formerly known as Spanish America, entered upon a new and wider field of labor. The first society which was a union of several christian denominations, on the reunion of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church in 1870, became auxiliary to the Boards of Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church; consequently the "Albany Branch," which was union in its character was re-organized as an independent society, not auxiliary to any church board, but at liberty to aid in sustaining mission schools both among the Indians of Arizona and in the destitute portions of onr western territory.

The mission to the Pima Indians having been urged upon the attention of the Albany society, the new organization entered heartily upon this christian work and they were greatly encouraged by the information received from Gen. Townsend of the U. S. army who addressed to them the following letter:

I am well persuaded that a plan of the nature proposed by the Ladies' Association, would prove eminently successful among the Pima Indians of Arizona. These Indians have, for perhaps a hundred years or more, abandoned nomadic life, and though a brave and fearless race, have for as many years been permanently located upon the banks of the Gila river, relying for their sustenance upon a rude culture of the soil. I passed through their villages in 1849, and found them the most interesting and friendly Indians I had yet encountered. They seemed to be gratified to have us among them, and could scarcely do enough for us, and for Indians, appeared already to be pretty well up in the scale of civilization.

They have at various times since the occupation of Arizona by our troops, furnished to the military commanders, large scouting parties for forays against the Apaches, while yearly they supply the government troops with all their surplus grain, and generally have hitherto, in many ways, evinced their desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with our people. I hail with infinite satisfaction the generous efforts you have made towards the establishment of a christian mission among the Pimas. May God the Father of us all, prosper your noble devotion and the great cause.

Believe me truly your friend,

FREDERICK TOWNSEND.

We entered into correspondence with Mr. Cook, on learning of his employment as teacher at the agency, and received from him the following report of his first year's work :

SCHOOL REPORT OF REV. C. H. COOK, TEACHER.

U. S INDIAN AGENCY, GILA RIVER RESERVATION,
December 30, 1871.

Date.		Pimas.		Mari-copas.		Total.	Date.		Pima.		Mari-copas.		Total.
		Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.				Boys.	Girls.	Boys.	Girls.	
December	1	13	6	24	19	62	December	13	12	1	24	16	53
"	4	9	..	10	8	27	"	14	14	7	21	16	58
"	5	15	3	11	7	36	"	16	19	8	22	16	65
"	6	22	10	19	14	65	"	18	15	5	17	15	52
"	7	6	2	18	9	35	"	19	13	11	18	16	58
"	8	15	9	21	15	60	"	20	17	17	13	16	63
"	11	19	13	20	14	66	"	21	11	6	16	14	47
"	12	15	11	20	17	63	"	22	10	10	16	14	50

A year has nearly passed since our first endeavor to open school here, and it is with thankfulness that we acknowledge the aid vouchsafed by Providence, without which our efforts would be but in vain.

Some of the obstacles we had to encounter have gradually disappeared ; most of the necessary school utensils have been supplied, and the Pima language has been mastered to some extent.

Many of the scholars have made rapid progress in reading, writing, arithmetic, English speaking and singing. During the last half of the year, I have been aided by the assistant teacher.

The Maricopa children do not understand the Pima language ; the distance to their village (over four miles) has heretofore prevented their regular attendance; it was thought expedient to open a school here. The school house, an Indian hut, was built by the Indians, and serves for school, Sunday school and church. It is, however, untenable in very cold and windy weather. The children there, with few exceptions, and mostly such as live farther away, attend regularly. I think about $250 would enable us to build a suitable room there, and the school as a branch school would cause otherwise but little expense to the department.

The attendence at the agency has not been as large and regular as last spring, owing partly to much sickness that has prevailed, during which four scholars have died. The Indians being somewhat superstitious, all of the first village and others left their homes for a number of weeks at a time. We have found it almost impossible to secure a regular attendance here, especially among the smaller scholars; the distance to their villages is from 1¼ to 4½ miles. With a school house near the center of them, a much larger and more regular attendance may be reasonably expected; this would also give us an opportunity for night school for adults, and for Sunday school and other religious services, so much needed.

Our thanks are due to friends of Chicago for sending a supply of clothing and to some ladies of Philadelphia who sent us a map.

Very respectfully,

C. H. COOK.

Under the policy instituted by President Grant, the Indian agencies were placed under the care and supervision of the several christian denominations. The Indians on the Gila River Reservation were assigned to the Reformed Church and the Board of Missions of that church appointed Mrs. Stout missionary teacher at the agency.

Mrs. Stout entered upon her work with zeal and energy and soon after Mr. Cook's report reached us, we received from her the following letter :

GILA RIVER RESERVATION,
April 1, 1872.

Let me thank you for sending us the organ and things for the children, which only arrived one week ago. The organ is such a nice one and pleased the children so much. It will be a great comfort to us also, for I don't know what it is to live without some kind of a musical instrument, or at least did not, until we came to Arizona. I feel that words are inadequate to thank you for all those things, and did I not know that God would abundantly bless and prosper you for doing it unto even the "least of these little ones," I should feel indeed that you were poorly rewarded; but I feel so sure of a rich reward for you, both in this world and in the world to come, such as only they receive who work for His sake.

I shall commence a sewing school, day after tomorrow and let the girls work on both boys' and girls' clothes, but it will be such a few weeks until school closes, I don't think they can finish them ; but it will, I think. be an inducement for them to attend school more regularly. My class of girls are doing nicely. They learn readily and seem very bright. It is very slow work, however, and requires much patience. The school improves every day, the children look more tidy and take more interest. Dr. Bendell has just made us a visit, together with Dr. Tonner of the Mohave agency, and they were very much pleased. The superintendent said he thought they had done well. Their singing seemed to please him most. I think the Maricopas are the best singers. The manner in which they talk enables them to talk plainer English than the Pimas. The position of teacher to the Indians is far different from teaching in the states. The person selected for a teacher here should be some one who is a faithful christian with a great deal of patience and one who will be willing to sacrifice all for the Lord's sake.

I remain, truly your friend,
GEORGIA STOUT.

We continued to aid and encourage the mission while under the supervision of the board of the Reformed Church, as many of the members of our association were connected with that church. On learning the needs of the children in school, boxes of clothing were made up and forwarded to the reservation, which were gratefully received and an annual report was returned to us by the United States Indian agent.

The Reformed Church, however, being unable to sustain the mission on the Gila River Reservation, resigned the charge to the United States government and the responsibility was assumed in the year 1881, by the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

It is not to magnify our own humble efforts in the beginning of this interesting mission, that we now review a work, which has for the last twelve years, been successfully prosecuted by the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

Our object is to show the importance of *individual* effort in carrying the gospel to the Indians of our own country. It is not *enough* to make an annual contribution to the treasury of the Board of Missions; some acquaintance should be had by the society contributing to the support of a mission, with the working force on the ground; as, after the missionary's salary is raised, there are many wants unprovided for, which if supplied, would greatly aid the missionary in his work, which, for the want of such aid, is often hindered.

Could we have known that Mrs. Cook's life was endangered by a leaky roof, how gladly would we have removed this impediment to the comfort and welfare of herself and family! But we had at that time, no knowledge of the difficulties with which those self-denying missionaries had to struggle; humanly speaking, that precious life was lost to the cause to which it was consecrated, for the want of what we could easily have supplied.

A brother missionary, Rev. I. T. Whittemore, writes of Mrs. Cook: "She was a stranger to fear, a faithful mother, a noble companion for the pioneer missionary, whom God had chosen and fitted for his sphere of duty. Her nameless and unmarked grave, as also that of one son sleeping by her side, is in the rear of the church, and is pointed out to the stranger who visits the now bereaved missionary. Like a bird with a broken wing, but with a heart rising superior to all disappointments, he still labors on zealously and patiently. His heart is gladdened by the fruits of his long service, as he sees the Indians for whose spiritual welfare he has diligently labored, coming out of heathenism into the christian faith, and becoming members of the church of Christ." But that unmarked grave! After a few years have passed and the toil-worn missionary shall have ceased from his work on earth, or shall have been removed from his present field of labor, shall it be said of the faithful wife and mother, "No man knoweth of her sepulchre?"

Another consecrated life is just closed in the death of Miss Susan L. McBeth, who has left to the church and to the world a rich legacy in her noble work among the Nez-Perces Indians, showing what *one woman*, who has her whole heart in the work, can do for a tribe of Indians, where her ability is equal to her zeal.

It is now more than twenty years since Miss McBeth began her work among the Nez-Perces Indians of Idaho. She formulated and published a grammar of the Nez-Perces language, (being a fine linguist), and undertook the instruction and preparation for the ministry of the young men of that tribe, many of whom are now "proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ among their countrymen and in their native tongue." She died May 26, 1893, and her sister writes: "We buried her where she wished to be laid, down in the Kamiah Valley, close to the little Indian church she loved so well."

"The desire to do a good work and the ability to accomplish it, constitute the 'Call.'"

"There are living on the American continent at this time, from ten to twelve millions of Indians. About three hundred thousand Indians are in the United States and forty thousand in Alaska.

The Indians of the United States are now found in Dakota, Montana, Washington, New Mexico, Arizona, California, the Indian Territory and Idaho. There are also remnants of once powerful tribes in the Eastern States.

There are over one hundred thousand gathered on reservations,and ninety-eight thousand have become self-supporting. In the Indian Territory there are more than thirty-five thousand not living on reservations. About fifty-eight thousand of the whole Indian population are receiving assistance from the government.

In 1868, the government placed the appointment of Indian agents with the several Christian denominations, and in ten years, forty thousand Indians besides those of the civilized tribes, could read and write. It would cost but three millions annually, to give every Indian girl and boy in the United States a good industrial and common school education.

It has cost the United States government more than two hundred and seventy-three millions of dollars in ten years to fight the Indians, while five years' schooling of twenty thousand children would cost but twenty-two millions. There are now several government schools for the Indians, one at Hampton, Ia.; one at Carlisle, Penn., and there are also mission schools at Albuquerque, N. M., and at Tucson and Phœnix, Arizona.

The school at Carlisle was begun in 1879 and owes its inception and success to the zeal and energy of Captain R. H. Pratt of the U. S. Army. In his 'Historical Sketch of the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Penn.,' Captain Pratt says: 'The Carlisle school had its origin in convictions that grew out of eight years' Calvary service (1867 to 1875), against the Indians in the Indian Territory.'

I often commanded Indian scouts, took charge of Indian prisoners and performed other Indian duty, which led me to consider the relative conditions of the two races. One plain duty resting upon us with regard to the Indians, is to assist them to die as helpless tribes, and to rise up among us as strong and capable individual men and American citizens. These views led me to recommend to General Sheridan in 1875, when sending to Florida the Indian prisoners then under my care at Fort Sill, I. T., that they should, while in such banishment, be educated and trained in civilized pursuits, and so far as practicable be brought into relations with our own people. Being detailed to conduct the prisoners to Florida and to remain in care of them, I established schools among them, and through letting them go out as laborers, which they very willingly did, and every other means that offered or that I could contrive, I pressed upon them American life and civilization. The three years of their stay in Florida wrought wonderful changes among them and in the spring of 1878, when these prisoners were released, twenty-two of the young men were led to ask for more education and said they would stay east three years longer if they could go to school."

The money being provided by friends, seventeen of the released prisoners were placed in school at Hampton Institute, Va., four near Utica, N. Y., and one at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. The following year, Captain Pratt was detailed by the secretary of war, for special duty with reference to Indian education. Thus, we see again the interest evinced by an army officer in the welfare of the Indian, culminating in a great educational institution, where in the peaceful arts in which the former enemies of our government are now instructed, we have pleasing evidence that "the sword has been beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook."

It is with great satisfaction that we learn that officers of the U. S. Army are now detailed as Indian agents, and that they will henceforth be known as the friends and protectors of the tribes against whom they have been sent to quell disturbances, and sometimes to engage in the bloody conflict.

Our correspondent at the Pima agency, in a letter recently received, says: "Let our government put all of the Apache children in school, and let some church send missionaries to the Apaches, and ere long, we shall not need soldiers to protect us from the Indians in Arizona." In another communication received from Mr. Cook, he says: "I have found, the U. S. Army officers nearly always the friends of the missionary." He also writes under date of August 11, 1891: "We have a prosperous government school here, of about one hundred and thirty children, another school at Tucson, with about the same number of pupils. Then we have about an hundred children at the Albuquerque government school, and we expect to have a school this autumn at Phœnix, Arizona, about forty-five miles from here and about twelve miles from the western boundary of our reservation. We also expect to build another chapel this fall, some twenty or more miles west of here, where we already have eight members. Perhaps you are aware that the gospel and the schools are taking the place of the army."

The report of the superintendent of Indian schools, gives the following for 1892:

IN SCHOOLS IN ARIZONA.

Pima Government School,	142
Tucson Presbyterial,	171
Phœnix Government School,	48

IN SCHOOLS OUTSIDE ARIZONA.

Albuquerque Government School,	105
Genoa, Nebraska, Government School,	19

The above includes pupils from the three tribes—Pimas, Maricopas and Papagoes.

"The first day school," writes Mr. Cook, "among the Pima Indians, was opened February 15, 1871. The pupils came from three small Pima villages, two to three miles distant; also from a Maricopa village, about four and a half miles from the agency. The children were hungry and almost naked, so we gave each of them a piece of bread for lunch. A branch school was subsequently opened in a Maricopa village, with Mrs. Cook as assistant. At first, a large brush hut served for the school, but afterwards a suitable room was built by the government. The clothing sent by your society, helped to clothe the children, and the good Mason and Hamlin organ, aided much in the English singing, in which the pupils delighted. The school-house also often answered the purpose of a chapel, and on winter evenings, the parents often met there to listen to the gospel message. At one of the meetings, an Indian asked if it was 'true that we had immortal souls ?'

Our preaching in the various villages on Sundays, had the effect of awakening a desire in the minds of the Indians for schools in all of their villages. We have translated the first chapters of Genesis, the Ten Commandments, some of the Psalms and several chapters of the New Testament. We have built two churches and a parsonage with only Indian help, which has left us but little time for the translation of the Bible into the Pima language. We have now eighty-five church members and expect an additional number at our next communion. Our chapel will seat three hundred persons, and we have now a comfortable church home at a total expense of $350. The organs at both chapels are in good order and are doing good service. One of the organs is played by one of the girls of the Tucson school. We expect to build a church this fall, some thirty-five miles west of the agency, where we have eight members. During the time of my service here, I have preached on Sundays in most of the villages, often to large congregations. With the help of the school boys during vacation, we have translated parts of the Bible into the Pima language. I send you a copy of the Lord's Prayer in the Pima language."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Ah-chim 't Aw-ock
tahm katch-im chirt 't ta,
se-atch-has-oe-lit moe choe-oe-kick.
Va to cheav-ia hoek near-noi-tam.
Va hap-o-chew et-e chue-wut ap
hoem taht-cho ha-po-mas-e-ma tahm
katch-im chirt hap-o-wah.
Et-e tars ap hie-a-chew hook t mahk.
Va-to stoy-e-kal pat t chew-ay-chick,
ha-po-mas-ay-ma n ah-chim stoy-i-kal
wu-es, ah-chim pe-ap hap-
e-chew.
Wu-es sah-po et wu-ay,
Wu-es hie-a-chew pe-a-po-kum wo
e-wuh-sit.
Wu-e-he-chit ah-pe map-o-ot te-
nah-to-kam, koe-ve-ki-tuck oe-ni-ka,
choep hoe-kick-ka-lick wu-e-he-chit
ssoell. Amen.

About 8,000 Indians speak the Pima language. The Pimas number about 4,000; the Yuacharties, 750; Papagoes, 3,250. The Apaches speak a different language.

The Lord hasten the time when every Indian on this continent shall hear in his own tongue, the glad message brought to the Shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

2

CASA GRANDE RUINS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GILA RIVER RESERVATION—CLIMATE, SOIL, PRODUCTIONS AND ANCIENT RUINS.

The climate of southern Arizona is one of the most healthful in this country. During the summer, the heat, though intense, is by no means *unendurable*. It is far more tolerable when the mercury is at 105° to 110° than when, in the east or north, the thermometer stands at 90°. Seldom does a thunder storm from the mountains, reach this region, or a cyclone bring destruction to the fields and dwellings. There are no instances of sun-stroke and the sand storms which occasionally sweep through the valley soon pass, and without damage to the fields or crops. In winter, no chilling winds or poisonous blasts are to be dreaded, but perpetual sunshine lights up the landscape and invites the invalid to this balmy atmosphere.

The soil is exceedingly fertile; it needs only good cultivation and plenty of water for irrigation; the sun will do the rest. The Gila river is capable of furnishing an abundant supply of water, when, in addition to the large amount furnished by the Florence canal (the only canal in this valley), and a large reservoir fifteen miles south of Florence, a dam shall be constructed at Buttes, fourteen miles east of the town. This will furnish water sufficient for many of the Indian villages, besides irrigation for 250,000 acres more than the canal now furnishes.

The Pima or Gila river reservation is the largest of the four reservations (belonging to the Pimas, Papagoes and Maricopas) of the Pima Agency.

It is about forty-five miles long and fourteen miles wide, and is situated on the Gila river. The valley proper averages two miles in width and the land is very rich. The only difficulty in making it productive and fruitful, is the want of sufficient water for purposes of irrigation. Nearly all kinds of grain and vegetables, as well as nearly all the citric and other fruits of a semi-tropical climate, are produced in the rich valley of the Gila river. With a full supply of water to irrigate their farms, these Indians will soon be entirely self-supporting.

Fourteen miles east of the Pima Agency, is the famous Ruin of Casa Grande.

This ruin is one of the deepest studies for the antiquarian and ethnologist and is among the best preserved of the pre-historic remains in our country. It was old when Columbus discovered this "New World," and is supposed to have been erected by the unknown race of civilized people who once inhabited this valley. It is an object of curiosity to the traveler, though of the hands that built it and for what purpose it was erected, we have now no knowledge. Its massive walls were built of a peculiar concrete of unknown ingredients, which differs greatly from the materials used by any of the Indian tribes of the south-west ; and its interior was finished with a smooth coat of cement that has successfully withstood the ravages of time. It was evidently a handsome and imposing edifice, of six or eight stories high ; but beyond this fact all is shrouded in mystery.

This ruin was first discovered in 1540, when the walls were four stories high and six feet in thickness. Around it were many other ruins, with portions of their walls yet standing, which would go to prove that a city of no inconsiderable dimensions once existed here.

As showing its great antiquity, it is mentioned that the Pima Indians, who then, (1540) as now, were living in the immediate vicinity, had no knowledge of the origin or history of the structure, or the people who built it In the immediate vicinity, the traces of an immense irrigating canal have been followed to the Gila river, forty miles distant. This canal, no doubt, brought water to the city and irrigated the rich valley which surrounds the river.

Sphinx-like, the mysterious ruin stands amid the solitude of the desert plain, while from its weather-beaten crest, voiceless centuries look down upon the curious inquirer.

The review of twenty-five years brings to our memory an incident, which is not irrelevant to the subject of "missions of christian women to the Indians."

It was in the beginning of our mission work for the tribes of Indians, commended to our sympathy and Christian effort by officers of the United States Army, that one evening, at the house of the president of our association, with whom we were then in consultation, a good elder of the Presbyterian Church called and introduced to us, the Rev. H. H. Spaulding of Oregon. The venerable missionary was on the way to his old home at the east, after an absence of thirty-four years. He had come to vindicate the good name of his associate, Dr. Marcus Whitman, the martyr missionary, and to erase, if possible, from the records of congress, the false statements published under what purported to be "an account of the murder of Dr. Whitman."

Under date December 1, 1870, the following account of the visit of the veteran missionary appeared in the same weekly journal which had given not long before, a place in its columns to the appeal for a teacher for the Pima Indians, to which we have already referred. The writer says under the heading, "An Evening with an Old Missionary:"

"One day last week a man of humble appearance, about seventy years of age, called at our office and was introduced by a stranger, as the Rev. H. H. Spaulding of Oregon. We had heard something of his labors as a missionary among the Indians in that region and were glad to take the veteran by the hand.

The few words we could then have together, led us to press him to share our hospitalities for the night, which he accepted.

"Dr. Whitman's wife and mine," said the missionary, as we drew up our chairs about the study table, and opened our "Colton" to the right map, "were the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains."

"But how came you to go?" we asked.

And then for four hours of the rarest interest, we listened to the wondrous story of

"THE MACEDONIAN NEZ-PERCES."

About their council fire, in solemn conclave, it was in the year 1832, the Flat-Heads and Nez-Perces had determined to send four of their number to the rising sun for "that book from heaven." They had got word of the Bible and a Saviour, in some way, from the Iroquois. These four dusky wise men, one of them a chief, who had thus dimly "seen His star in the east," made their way to St. Louis; and it is significant of the perils of this thousand miles journey, that only *one* of them survived to return. They fell into the hands of an explorer who had traveled extensively in the regions of the Columbia river. How utterly he failed to meet their wants is revealed in the sad words with which they departed, "I came to you"—and the survivor repeated the words years afterwards to Mr. Spaulding—"with one eye partly opened. I go back with both eyes closed and both arms broken. My people sent me to obtain that book from heaven.

I am now to return without it, and my people will die in darkness." And so they took their leave. But this sad lament was overheard. A young man wrote it to his friends in Pittsburgh. Then showed the account to Catlin, of Indian portrait fame, who had just come from the Rocky Mountains. He said, "It cannot be; those Indians were in our company, and I heard nothing of this; wait till I write to Clark before you publish it." He wrote; the response was, "It is true." That was the sole object of their visit,—"To get the Bible." Then Catlin said, "Give it to the world." The Methodists at once commissioned Rev. Mr. Lee to go and find this tribe, who had so strangely broken out of their darkness toward the light.

Dr. Marcus Whitman, of the American board who was too late for the overland caravan for that summer, followed the next year. He found the Nez-Perces. But so fearful were the ridges and the ravines of the path to them, and so wild the country where they roamed, that he pushed on to the tribes living near the coast.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

It was with great joy the Nez-Perces welcomed Whitman the next year. Having explored the situation, and taking with him two boys which the Indians had placed in his hands, as hostages, in some sort, for his return, he went back for his intended wife and to secure others for the work. But who would go? Men could be found, but where was the woman willing to brave the vague horrors of that howling wilderness? His betrothed consented. But an associate and he, a married man, must be obtained. More than a score of most devoted ones were applied to in vain. Friends said it is madness to make the attempt. For that country and the way between, in the popular impression, was a dark unknown, full of terrors.

A year was spent in the search for associates, and then light came from an unexpected quarter. In the early spring or 1836, a sleigh, extemporized from a wagon, was craunching through the deep snows of Western New York. In it were Rev. Mr. Spaulding and his wife. They were on their way, under commission of the American board, to the Osage Indians. Mrs. Spaulding had started from a bed of lingering illness and was then able to walk less than a quarter of a mile. Dr. Whitman, having heard of the rare courage of this woman, by permission of the board started in pursuit.

"We want you for Oregon," was the hail with which he overtook them.

"How long will the journey take?"

"The summers of two years."

"What convoy will we have?"

"The American Fur Company, to the Divide."

"What shall we have to live on?"

"Buffalo meat, till we can raise our own grain."

"How shall we journey?"

"On horse-back."

"How cross the rivers?"

"Swim them."

After this brief dialogue, and we give it precisely in the missionary's own words, Mr. Spaulding turned to his wife and said, "My dear, my mind is made up. It is not your duty to go; but we will leave it to you after we have prayed."

By this time they had reached a wayside inn, in the town of Howard, N. Y. Taking a private room, they each prayed in turn and then Mrs. Spaulding was left to herself. In about ten minutes she appeared with a beaming face, and said, "I have made up my mind to go."

"But your health, my dear!"

"*I like the command just as it stands,* 'Go ye into all the world,' *and no exception for poor health.*"

"But the perils in your weak condition—you don't begin to think how great they are."

"The dangers of the way and the weakness of my body are His; duty is mine."

"But the Indians will take you prisoner. They are frantic for such captives. You will never see your friends again." And the strong man broke down, giving vent to the anguish of his soul in a flood of tears.

Was it the wife who answered, or was it a voice from the old time?

"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem," or in the Rocky Mountains, "for the name of the Lord Jesus."

"Then," said the veteran, with a charming simplicity, "I had to come to it, I didn't know anything."

"Well, you were crazy," we interposed, "to think of such a journey and she so weak."

"We were, but God meant to have us go. He wanted to have an emigration go across the mountains, and this was the way He took to start it."

Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding continued their journey and Whitman sending forward to his bride to be ready, went back for his Indian boys—they were then about sixteen years old—and pressed on after them. There was a hasty wedding by the way, and then the bridal tour began.

But the strife of parting was not yet over. At Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, all along the way, hands were stretched out to hold them back. Catlin at Pittsburgh, assured them they could not take women through. The hostile Indians that hover about the convoy, would fight against any odds to capture them. One woman had tried it, but the company was massacred, and she was dragged away and never heard of again. Mrs. Spaulding was especially beset with these tales of horror. "But," said the husband with an honest pride, "it did not move her a hair."

A SUNDAY ON SHORE.

The party took boats at Pittsburgh. Saturday night found them between Cairo and St. Louis. Mrs. Spaulding, who seems to have had a good share, both of the courage and the conscience of the company, insisted that they should be put on shore to spend Sunday. The captain and the passengers laughed at her scruples. "But," she said, "out on the plains we shall be at the mercy of the Fur Company, and *must* go on. Here we *can* stop."

"But no boat will ever call at such an out-of-the-way place as this, to take you off."

"We'll take the chances of that. Put us on shore. The New England home missionary marked that day in white, which brought such a rare accession to his little meeting in the school house. He said it was like an angel's visit. Early Monday morning, a great puffing was heard below, and a grand steamer, better than the one they had left, rounded to, at their signal, and took them on board. Fifty miles above they overtook the other boat, hopelessly stranded on a sand bar.

At St. Louis, the missionaries found the American Fur Company fitting out their annual expedition for the mountains, but as the two wives were of the party, they could not have secured a place in the caravan, had not Whitman been in special favor by his services rendered the year before, when he rendered invaluable aid on the breaking out of the cholera in the camp and through his skill and tact restored order and stayed the pestilence. Having secured the company's pledge, they pressed on by boat to Liberty Landing. Here Spaulding purchased mules—wild, he found them—fifteen or twenty horses, as many cows and two wagons, not forgetting a quart of seed wheat. With this retinue, he started for Council Bluffs, while Whitman waited with the women and the goods for the company's boat. After some days that boat passed, purposely leaving them behind. Through this bad faith, he was obliged to send forward to Spaulding for horses,and to overtake him, as he could, by land. This part of the trip was peculiarly trying. Spaulding especially, who for his wife's sake, was not yet altogether happy in going, seemed to be the sport of a very ill fortune. A tornado scattered his cattle, swept away his tent, tore his blankets from him while suffering from ague, and left him to be drenched by the rain.

It did not help the case any to learn, when they were within twenty-five miles of Council Bluffs, that the Fur Company's convoy had started, and were already five and a half days out on the plains.

"'Twas a poor chance," said the narrator, "for us greenhorns. They were old trappers with fresh horses, while our teams were already jaded." And I said—for I was terribly sick—"we can't overtake them, we shall have to go back." But my wife constantly affirmed, "I have started for the Rocky Mountains and I expect to go there!"

And now commenced a series of marked interpositions. It was pure faith and not sight at all to push on after that cavalcade. The trappers evidently designed to keep ahead, and induce the missionaries to turn back. But to secure the protection of the convoy was indispensable.

"It was a desperate race," said the missionary, kindling at the remembrance, "but we won it. They had to halt and fill up ravines and make roads. This detained them four days. After various detentions, at Soup Fork, still four other days were lost in finding the ford, and drying their goods, wet in crossing. Meanwhile, we were pressing on behind and the Lord helped us. The day before we reached Soup Fork, we rode from daylight till two o'clock at night. One horse broke down and was turned loose, and my wife fainted by the way. A signal gun at the ford brought answer from the other side and we camped. The convoy started early in the morning, but left a man to show us across, and late that night, we missionaries filed into their camp and took the place reserved for us, two messes west of the captain's tent, and so we won the race by two lengths!" Once among them, nothing could exceed the kindness of the men. The choicest buffalo morsels were always kept for our ladies, but now, sick or well, we had to go on. We were two hundred souls and six hundred animals. Every thing was in the strictest military order, for hostile Indians continually hovered on our flanks. At night, we camped with the animals solid in the center. The tents and wagons were disposed around them, and outside of all, sentinels marched their steady round. Each day, two hunters and two packers went out for Buffalo. Each night, save when we had lost the way, they overtook us at the appointed camp with four mule loads of meat. This was our only subsistence."

"Did they never fail to find game?"

"Yes, once or twice, and then we had to go hungry."

On the 6th of June, we were at Fort Laramie. Wife was growing weaker and weaker.

"You must stay here," said the captain; "Mrs. Spaulding will die for want of bread."

"No," said she, "I started to go over the mountains in the name of my Saviour, and I must go on."

July fourth, they entered the South Pass. Mrs. Spaulding fainted that morning and she herself thought she was about to die. As they laid her upon the ground she said: "Don't put me on that horse again. Leave me and save yourselves. Tell mother I am glad I came."

But the caravan stopped on the "divide" and sent back for her and she was borne on. She soon revived and three hours afterward they saw the waters trickling toward the Pacific. And there—it was Independence Day—they, alighting from their horses and kneeling on the western slope of the continent, with the Bible in one hand and our national flag in the other, took possession of it as the home of American mothers and of the church of Christ.

Just beyond, was the great mountain rendezvous, the end of the convoy's route, a kind of neutral ground where multitudes of Indians were gathered for trade. There were rough mountaineers there, who had not seen a white woman since they had left the homes of their childhood. Some of them came to meet the missionaries and wept as they took their wives by the hand. "From that day," said one of them, "I was a better man." But best of all, here met them a greeting party of the Nez-Perces. "They were the happiest men you ever saw." Their women took possession of Mrs. Spaulding and the gladness they showed, not less than the biscuit-root and the trout with which they fed her, revived her spirit. From that hour she began to mend; and from that hour, her future and theirs were one. Ten days of rest here, and the journey was resumed. The remainder of the way, if shorter, was no less perilous and they had asked in dismay, "What shall we do for a convoy?" But God took care of them. He sent an English trading company to the rendezvous that year—an unusual thing—and with them, they completed their journey. It was the twenty-ninth of November when they reached the Columbia river. They had left civilization the 21st of May, a long journey, but not the trip of two summers to which they had made up their minds.

And now they were at home, amid a nation that had no homes; they had found a resting-place among restless wanderers. But faith had become sight—the first battle had been fought and won. White women had come safely over the mountains; cattle and horses had been kept secure from Indian raiders; a *wagon* had been brought through, "*the first wheel that had ever pressed the sage.*"

Whitman had demonstrated to himself that an emigration could cross from Missouri to Oregon; and when, six years afterward, he led a company of a thousand along the same track, he demonstrated it to the world, and saved Oregon, and with it California, to the United States.

The old missionary's story is not half told, but we must cut it short. Whitman took the Cayuses at Waiilatpu, near Walla Walla; Spaulding camped 120 miles farther up the Snake river, among the Nez-Perces. He found a people without a hoe or plow, or hoof of cattle; savages, who feasted when the hunt was good,but starved through the long winters. Eleven years afterward they were settled in homes; their crops of grain had reached from 20,000 to 30,000 bushels a year. The cows which the missionaries brought,had multiplied for the Indians into numerous herds; gardens and orchards were planted; the sheep, which the Sandwich Islanders gave them, had grown to flocks. In the school which Mrs. Spaulding taught were five hundred pupils; a church of a hundred members had been gathered. The language of the people had been reduced to writing. A patriarchal government with a code of laws had been established ; the Sabbath was observed. Upon the first printing press west of the mountains, and that presented to the mission by the native church at Honolulu, (the type-setting, press-work and binding done by the missionary's own hand) were printed a few school books, the native code of laws, a small collection of hymns, and the gospel of Matthew.

And then came the terrible martyrdom of Dr. Whitman. Spaulding, visiting him at the time, fled for his life to his faithful Nez-Perces. Six days he was without food, feeling his way, sore-footed, by night, and hiding when the dawn appeared.

There was a hasty gathering of the household, a journey of two hundred miles to the settlements in mid-winter, and the mission came to an end. Almost blind himself, and broken in constitution, he watched for many months by the bed-side of his wife, dying from that exposure—watched till she passed through the river to the Celestial Mountains and the Land beyond.

"The dead are there where rolls the Oregon."

But again the "blood of the martyrs" proved "the seed of the church." Eventually, Mr. Spaulding returned to his loved field of labor among the faithful Nez-Perces and from a young missionary, consecrated to that work two years after the interview which we have described, we received a most interesting letter, in which is the following, under date Nez-Perces, Indian Reserve, Aug. 6, 1872:

"I can only write now of the topic which I think will most interest you: The election of this people to the brotherhood in the kingdom of God's dear son. Of our revered Brother Spaulding's early labors and sacrifices among them, and the martrydom of his angel wife you have undoubtedly heard. But though the exile of Brother Spaulding from his beloved people continued through a period of twenty-four years, the light did not all go out. Through the long twenty-four years, the voice of prayer did not cease, nor were the hymns and the translated passages of Scripture laid aside, but were sacredly kept and used."

The noble policy of President Grant restored to them again, their beloved pastor, and the seed which he had sown in tears, so many years before, now seemed to need but his presence (as the warmth of the sun) to cause it to spring up and "bring forth fruit abundantly."

On his return to his field of labor at Lapwai, a new generation met him (only eighteen of his former church being left); but the fathers had taught the children to watch and pray for the return of their old pastor, and they received him and the word of life which he spoke, with an eager welcome. Within one week, over eighty were added to the church, and the great work went on.

There are already two old men and seven young men, who preach acceptably in the native language. We aim at the conversion of the whole tribe, which numbers nearly three thousand."

In taking leave of our readers, if any apology should seem necessary for bringing to them our personal reminiscences, we can only say that the story of the two missions which we have related, it is hoped may be blessed of God to the "sending forth laborers into his harvest."